

THE
Contemplative Man,

OR THE
HISTORY
OF
CHRISTOPHER CRAB, Esq;
OF
NORTH-WALES.

Nonnunquam ex Acido Dulce germinat.

V O L. I.

D U B L I N :

Printed for W. SLEATER, D. CHAMBERLAINE,
J. WILLIAMS, J. A. HUSBAND, W.
COLLES, and T. WALKER.

M,DCC,LXXII.



ADVERTISEMENT.

WHEN the MANUSCRIPT of this Book was first shewn to the intended Publisher, he shook his Head and threw it upon the Table with an Air of Contempt, the Moment he cast his Eyes upon it. So sudden a Determination, on a Work of which he had not read a single Line, naturally created great Surprise in the Author; who began to suspect that, some how or other, this Bookseller had seen or heard of it before, though he could not guess by what Means. But upon asking the Question, this notorious Adversary to the Muses answered in the Negative. 'No, Sir, says he, the Title, the Title is enough for me, I never look any further—the Title of a Book will sell the Title of an Estate; if they are not good, the Body will purchase them. I have known the first Edition of a Book with a taking Title disposed of by the Trade, before any one knew what it was about. Indeed it was brought out at the Beginning of the Month, and had three full Weeks to run before the Reviewers had an Opportunity to criticise and condemn it. This shews you, Sir, what a good Title will do. If the Book I have been speaking of had any Merit, it would have bore six Editions. But this of yours will never do. I would advise you to change the Title, and call it, *The genuine Memoirs of the celebrated Lord A—— and Lady B——*: in which are introduced the cur-

‘ *Anecdotes and secret Amours of Lady C—*,
 ‘ *compiled from Materials furnished by the Parties*
 ‘ *themselves.*

When this ingenious Gentleman had finished what he had to say, the Author put his Book in his Pocket, and replied to him in that equivocal Manner that left him in Doubt whether the Author would alter the Title or not, though he really meant only to change his Publisher.

To comment upon so glaring an Absurdity would be ridiculous; and even the bare Recital of such a Circumstance may appear too trifling to the *literary* Reader; but to those who are unacquainted with the Craft of some modern Editors; it may not be altogether unacceptable.



CONTENTS.

C O N T E N T S.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

BOOK THE FIRST.

C H A P. I.

COntaining a short Account of the *Crab-Family*. page 1

CHAP. II. The Character of Mrs. *Crab*, and other curious Matters related. p. 3

CHAP. III. A Conversation between Mr. *Crab* and his Wife.—A new Character introduced, &c. p. 6

CHAP. IV. A Description of two Schoolmasters —One of them chosen to have the Care of Master *Crab*. p. 10

CHAP. V. The wonderful Effects of Love, exemplified in two extraordinary Marriages. p. 13

CHAP. VI. Scandal excusable in a Country Town —A Reconciliation between Mr. *Williams* and his Daughter *Crab*—Description of a Country Apothecary. p. 16

CHAP. VII. Mr. *Trundle* visits Mrs. *Crab*—A Conversation between them, proper to be read by all young Apothecaries who wish to succeed in the World. p. 19

- CHAP. VIII. Mrs. *Crab* visits her Father—An Account of 'Squire *Williams*'s Death—The Reader introduced to a new Acquaintance, &c. p. 23
- CHAP. IX. More Mortality in Mr. *Williams*'s Family—*Trundle* in Disgrace—A terrible Battle ensues, which the Captain puts a Stop to by a famous Speech. p. 26
- CHAP. X. An Account of young *Barnes*'s Death—Mrs. *Barnes* missing—An Alteration in Mr. *Crab*'s Way of living. p. 31
- CHAP. XI. A Dispute about the Arms of the *Crab* Family—Mrs. *Crab* makes her first Appearance in the Coach—Accident upon the Road—And an extraordinary Adventure with Gypsies—Master *Crab* brought from School. p. 34

BOOK THE SECOND.

- CHAP. I. A short Discourse on Children—How far they may be said to derive their Dispositions from their Parents—Mr. *Christopher Crab* an Instance to the Contrary. p. 41
- CHAP. II. Mr. *Crab* receives an Appointment from Mrs. *Barnes*—Meets her—Mrs. *Barnes* gives a short but extraordinary Account of herself. p. 44
- CHAP. III. Mrs. *Crab*'s Sisters all disposed of—Three by Marriage, and two by Death—An Account of Sir *John Bangham*, one of the Lady's Husbands. p. 48

CHAP.

CONTENTS.

vii

- CHAP. IV. A short Chapter, containing little more than the Transformation of a Tradesman into a Gentleman. p. 51
- CHAP. V. Describes Captain *Gorget's* Dress, &c. and gives an Account of Mr. *Crab's* first Day's Journey to *Oxford*. p. 53
- CHAP. VI. *Cork* and *Thomas* go to the Play—A Description of it, and the Accident that very much shortened the Performance. p. 60
- CHAP. VII. Is a Chapter entirely sentimental. p. 63
- CHAP. VIII. Is the Chapter of Accidents. p. 66
- CHAP. IX. Mr. *Crab* exposes his Ignorance in Dramatic Writing—The Captain has another Interview with *James Maccloud*, who gives him a Specimen of his Skill in Acting. p. 69
- CHAP. X. Contains a moral Lesson to those who can find it out. p. 73
- CHAP. XI. The Journey to *Oxford* continued; and an Episode introduced, which concludes the second Book. p. 76
-

BOOK THE THIRD.

- CHAP. I. The Greeting between Mr. *Crab*, &c. and Mr. *Christopher Crab*, with several other curious Particulars. p. 85
- CHAP. II. The Captain is put in Mind of a Story—Some Remarks upon it give Rise to a Debate, which had like to have ended seriously—Mr. *Crab* determines to return to *North-Wales*. p. 92

CHAP.

- CHAP. III. Contains some Advice to Authors, which will not be followed, and an Apology for Digression, which may not be understood. p. 97
- CHAP. IV. Mr. *Crab's* Return to *North-Wales* altered to a Journey to *London*, which occasions some Family Disputes. p. 100
- CHAP. V. A Letter from Mr. *Smith*, puts Part of the Company into a Consternation, which however ends happily—The Family arrive in *London*. p. 105
- CHAP. VI. The Necessity for leaving Novel-Writers unconfined by dramatic Rules—Mr. *Crab* makes a bad Beginning in *London*—The Expression of the Passions, by the Eyes, controverted. p. 108
- CHAP. VII. The Family dispersed different Ways in Pursuit of different Amusements—The Captain in Danger of losing his Man *Cork*—The Arrival of *James Maccloud*, who describes the Excellencies of his Wife, both as an Actor and Actress. p. 112
- CHAP. VIII. The Family go to *Vaux-Hall*—Mr. *Crab* out of Humour with the Customs of that Place, and Mrs. *Crab* out of Patience with her Husband's Behaviour—They leave *London* the next Morning, which concludes the first Volume. p. 121

C O N T E N T S.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

BOOK THE FIRST.

C H A P. I.

THE Neighbours visit Mr. *Crab's* Family
—Character of Mr. *Heartwell*, and a Conference between *Trundle* and Mr. *Christopher*.

p. 129

CHAP. II. A short Chapter, containing a Trial of Skill between *Trundle* and Mr. *Crab*, in which the latter lost his Life.

p. 135

CHAP. III. Another short but interesting Chapter, with another accidental Death.

p. 137

CHAP. IV. Mrs. *Crab* reconciled to her Widowhood—An extraordinary anonymous Letter to Mr. *Heartwell*—Mr. *Crab's* Anxiety to know the Author—The Captain is put in Mind of a short Story.

p. 141

CHAP. V. Explains what is meant by talking like an Apothecary, and when it is necessary to do so.

p. 148

CHAP. VI. Sir *John Bangham's* Offence greatly aggravated by common Report—Mr. *Heartwell* gives an Account of his Interview with the Lady, and Mr. *Crab's* Determination thereon.

p. 152

CHAP.

- CHAP. VII. A Comparison between an Histori-
an and a Stage-Coachman—A Conversation be-
tween the Captain and Mrs. *Crab*; with a Let-
ter from Mr. *Crab* to Sir *John Bangham*. p. 158
- CHAP. VIII. Mr. *Crab* and the Captain visit Mrs.
Garland and *Sophia*—An uncommon Descrip-
tion of a Flower-Garden—Sir *John Bangham's*
Answer to Mr. *Crab's* Letter. p. 162
- CHAP. IX. This is a Chapter upon Quotations,
which has no Connection with the History, and
may be passed by if the Reader chuses it. p. 168
- CHAP. X. Mrs. *Crab* visits Mrs. *Garland*—Finds
herself mistaken in her Opinion of *Sophia*—
Mr. *Crab* proposes a Method to prevent Gam-
ing, which ends the first Book. p. 170
-

BOOK THE SECOND.

- CHAP. I. Opens with a Dinner given by Mr.
Crab on Mrs. *Garland's* Account, at which Sir
John Bangham exhibits a Specimen of his Breed-
ing and Civility. p. 174
- CHAP. II. Mrs. *Garland* and *Sophia* in high
Esteem with the Neighbours—Mr. *Crab* cen-
sures the Taste of the Public, and the Captain
gives *James Maccloud* Directions about his
Puppet-shew. p. 180
- CHAP. III. Critical Remarks upon *Humphry*
Clinker. p. 185
- CHAP. IV. Mr. *Crab's* Design upon *Sophia*
thwarted by Lady *Bangham* and Mrs. *Crab*—
They cast Reflections on the Clergy, which
are ridiculed by the Captain. p. 188
- CHAP.

- CHAP. V. A short but very serious Conversation between Mr. *Crab* and Mrs. *Garland*. p. 191
- CHAP. VI. Mr. *Crab* receives a Letter from Mr. *Smith*, which brings extraordinary News, and is the Cause of much Family Altercation. p. 194
- CHAP. VII. A short Chapter, containing more Matter than some that are longer. p. 199
- CHAP. VIII. A Sketch of the Life of Sir *George Smith*, Knight and Alderman of *London*. p. 202
- CHAP. IX. Is an Apology for Chap. VIII. p. 206
- CHAP. X. Shews how changeable is the Breath of Fame—A moral Reflection from Mr. *Crab*—The last Illness and Death of Mrs. *Crab* described. p. 208
-

B O O K T H E T H I R D .

- CHAP. I. An Account of a Robbery—The Highwayman taken, but saved at the Request of *Sophia*—Is taken again for another Fact—Is tried and executed. p. 212
- CHAP. II. The Captain appears in a new Character—The true Meaning of a common Proverb discussed, and a Caution to the Learned against being too dogmatical. p. 216
- CHAP. III. Description of a Welch Feast—A Specimen of Mr. *Crab*'s Behaviour in the Capacity of a Justice, and the Demolition of a Puppet-shew by a Bear. p. 222.
- CHAP. IV. Power uncontrouled is the Parent of Tyranny—That Doctrine illustrated by an interesting Example. p. 228
- CHAP. V. This Chapter consists of a very singular Letter, containing something not much to the Advantage of Mr. *Heartwell*. p. 231
- CHAP

- CHAP. VI. *Sophia* exhibits a Specimen of her Generosity, and the Captain of his good Nature, both worthy of Imitation. p. 235
- CHAP. VII. A Conversation between Sir *John*, Lady *Bangham*, and Mr. *Brooklime*; in which it is settled that Humanity should not be numbered amongst the fine Feelings. p. 239
- CHAP. VIII. A short but marvellous Story from the Captain, which introduces some Comments on the Clergy and the Gentlemen of the Army. p. 242
- CHAP. IX. Mr. *Barnes* arrives at the *Rock*—His Reception at Sir *John Bangham*'s, and Mr. *Crab*'s Marriage with *Sophia*. p. 245





T H E
H I S T O R Y
O F
CHRISTOPHER CRAB, Esq;

B O O K THE FIRST.

C H A P. I.

*Containing a short Account of the CRAB
F A M I L Y.*

THERE are, no Doubt of it, many Readers in all Countries, who pore over Books and take infinite Pains to fix the Chronology and ascertain the Dates of Events and Things, which they would not give themselves the least Trouble to enquire after, if they had not happened two or three Thousand Years ago. To these Gentlemen, I can easily suppose, a long and elaborate Account of the Crab Family

VOL. I.

B

would

would be both agreeable and interesting; but to the Generality of Readers I humbly conceive it would be as unentertaining as a German Pedigree or the 10th Chapter of *Genesis*. I shall therefore be very short and confin'd in what I am going to say relative to the Origin and Ancestors of Mr. *Christopher Crab*, the Subject of this History.

Be it known then, that the Fore-fathers of Mr. *Crab* were like the Fore-fathers of almost every Family in Europe, some good, some bad; in one Generation they enjoyed immense Riches and universal Esteem—in another, Poverty and Contempt; in many Reigns they were so low and obscure as not to be known at all—in as many others, they held the first Offices in the State, and receiv'd every honorary Distinction that Majesty could heap upon them. Such has always been the fluctuating State of the *Crab* Family, that Rags and Wretchedness, Splendor and Profusion, were at different Times their different Portions.

The father of our *Christopher* seem'd to be in the situation *Hagar* wish'd for; he had neither Poverty nor Riches. He was indeed a Shop-keeper at a certain Town in North *Wales*, where he acquired Money enough to bring up his only Child, *Christopher*, in any Way he should most approve of. Mr. *John Crab* (the Father) tho' illiterate, had good natural Parts, and was what the World calls a shrewd Man. He had frequently observ'd with concern the Inconveniencies and Insults to which the want of a better Education made

made him liable; and particularly at this Time he was provoked beyond Measure to find himself every Club-Night sneer'd at and ridiculed by the Curate of the Parish, the Son of a neighbouring Tallow-Chandler who had beggar'd himself to keep his Son at the University. However this Dabler in Tallow had now the Happiness of seeing his Son arrive at the Dignity of being Curate of the Parish of ——— with an Income of thirty Pounds *per Annum* clear of all Deductions, and which he may probably enjoy for Life. But here it is proper to observe that Mr. *Crab* had all along treated the Cause of the Tallow-Chandler's Indigence with the Contempt it deserved, and expressed his Surprise that such low Fellows should have the Assurance to breed their Sons up Gentlemen. So that it was not to be wondered at that the young Priest should upon his return from the University, revenge his Father's Quarrel. Nor is it more surprising that the Curate's Triumph in the literary Way over Mr. *Crab*, should determine the latter to make his Son a Scholar at all Events.

C H A P II.

The Character of Mrs. Crab, and other curious Matters related.

NO, says Mr. *Crab*, as he sat filling his Pipe by his own Fireside, no, they shan't catch me at the Club again I can assure them. And

yet 'tis very hard, d——d hard that I must not go where I like, because of that pragmatical Puppy of a Parson. O fie, my Dear, says Mrs. *Crab*. But before I tell the Reader what Mrs. *Crab* said upon this Occasion, I will let him a little into her Character.

Mrs. *Crab* was the seventh Daughter of 'Squire *Williams*, a Gentleman who did once possess a considerable Estate in that Neighbourhood, but he had reduc'd it to a third Part of it's original Value by making a fruitless Opposition to the Knight of the Shire for the County at three successive general Elections. This Consumption of the Family Estate proved a mortifying Circumstance to the young Ladies who were now obliged to walk to Church every *Sunday*, after having been constantly carried thither in their Father's Coach and Six. The laying down his Equipage was too ostensible a Mark of the 'Squire's Necessity to be overlooked by the Country People. The Report flew and gathering as it went proclaimed Mr. *William's* total Ruin for many Miles round. And O! cruel Reverse of Fortune! the very Clodpoles, the Farmer's Servants who were wont to stand bare-headed with reverential Awe when any one of the Family approached, had now the Impudence to stare them full in the Face, and with their coarse Ribaldry mock at their Misfortunes as they pass'd along. Humiliating as this brutish Behaviour must be to the young Ladies, they had Resolution enough to bear up against it, and
keep

keep one another in Countenance; but the Certainty they had that the Father would leave the poor Remains of the Estate to the Male Heir to keep up the Family, occasion'd serious Reflections in them all, and was indeed the only Thing that could have reconciled Miss *Fanny Williams* to the self-debasing Thought of marrying Mr. *John Crab*, a country Shopkeeper, whom she most heartily despised.

Necessity got the better of Inclination, and Miss *Williams* married Mr. *John Crab*: But tho' they were pair'd, they were not match'd, nor was it probable that any Degree of Happiness or even Harmony should subsist between such a Couple. For if Mrs. *Crab* too frequently reproached her Husband with the Honour she had done him in making him her Spouse, he as often reminded her that he took her without a Penny of Fortune. In one of these pleasant Humours were they both when Mr. *Crab* was filling his Pipe and meditating on the disagreeable Situation he was in at the Club, and Mrs. *Crab* interrupted him as has been mention'd at the Beginning of this Chapter, and which I will now resume, but it shall be in the next Chapter.

C H A P. III.

*A Conversation between Mr. Crab and his Wife.
—A new Character introduced, &c.*

O Fie, my Dear, says Mrs. Crab, as I am a Gentlewoman, (an Expression she often used) you shock me beyond Measure.—Swear before a Lady! one may easily guess what Sort of Company your Club consists of, and I'm very glad to hear you are determined to go no more amongst them. But there is another Thing. I see you have got a Pipe and, that filthiest of all Weeds, Tobacco, before you; I hope, Mr. Crab, you don't think of smoking in my Parlour? if you must needs indulge yourself in this beastly Custom, do it in your Shop, for I can not allow it here. Zounds, Madam, says Mr. Crab, (having promised before Marriage to call her Madam whenever he spoke to or of her) must I neither smoke abroad nor at home? 'sblood, is not this my own House? did not I purchase it with my own Money? and shan't I do what I please in it, Madam? No, says Mrs. Crab, positively no, my Dear, (speaking in that calm Manner which is very apt to produce a Storm in the Person it is spoken to) but don't put yourself in a passion, you know it was agreed before we were made one Flesh (yawning) that I was to have my Way in every Thing, and I'm sure you would not be worse than your Word, my Dear. Here Mr. Crab

Crab muttered softly to himself, *One Fleſh! I believe you are a Part of that Swine's fleſh that the Devil enter'd into.* Mrs. *Crab*, who only catch't the words *the Devil entered*, replied my Dear how can you be ſo rude? you ſee it is Capt. *Gorget*; how could you talk of the Devil's entering?

It was the Captain ſure enough, and he came very opportunely, as he had often done before, to prevent a more violent Rupture. This old Officer had ſerved many Years with great Reputation—he was as brave as he was unfortunate—tho' he had often deſerved the golden Chain, he came off with the wooden Leg only at laſt. But he had acquired what made him more valuable to all that knew him, the Art of pleaſing, or rather the Art of making People pleaſed with themſelves. He had great Knowledge of the World, and his long Acquaintance with Adverſity taught him to meet future Diſappointments with a cheerful Countenance. He was affable, good-natured and obliging.

Such was the Man whom Providence kindly plac'd in Mr. *Crab*'s Family. For the Captain's Age and Infirmities rendering him unfit for longer Service, he was permitted to go out upon his Pay as a Reward for all his Toil and Sufferings; and having ſought an Aſylum in ſome cheap Part of this Iſland he fixed his Abode at ———, truſting, as he well might, to his own Abilities to procure Happineſs and Content where-ever he came.

He had now lodged and boarded with Mr. *Crab* about two Years, and passed his Time very agreeably, which the Reader may be a little surprized at, upon a Supposition that the coarse Behaviour of Mr. *Crab* must ill suit with the good Breeding and Civility of the Captain. But it had quite a contrary Effect. The Loftiness and affected Delicacy of Mrs. *Crab*'s Manner, contrasted by Mr. *Crab*'s Rudeness and Vulgarity, afforded no small Matter of Entertainment; and their frequent Bickerings furnished the Captain with Opportunities of shewing his Dexterity in the Art of reconciling Friends and conciliating Differences: A Talent that at the same Time it carries with it a most pleasing Sensation to the human Heart, gives the Possessor a remarkable Superiority over those on whom it is exercised.

The Entrance of Captain *Gorget* into the Par-
lour did not in the least interrupt the Altercation
that was going on between Mr. and Mrs. *Crab*.
The Captain had been too often Witness of their
domestic Strife to be treated with Ceremony upon
those Occasions; Mrs. *Crab* therefore availed
herself of his Appearance, hoping that he would
determine the Matter in Dispute in her Favour,
as his natural Politeness had ever inclined him to
support the Cause of the fair Sex, when it was not
inconsistent with Justice and Propriety. Captain,
says Mrs. *Crab*, you are come at a lucky Moment
to convince my Husband of the Reasonableness
of my Request. I'm sure you will be of my Opin-
nion,

nion, which is, that no Gentleman should either swear or smoke Tobacco. Madam, answered the Captain, your Conversation was so loud that I could not avoid overhearing what passed before I came into the Room, and I am sorry to say that my Sentiments do not entirely agree with yours. Mr. *Crab*, it seems, has been driven from his Club by the Impertinence of a young Pedant who knows not his Place in Life, and he now seeks for that Recreation at Home which he can no longer enjoy Abroad. It is your Interest, Madam, to encourage this Resolution in him, and to contribute every Thing in your Power to make the Change agreeable. Swearing is generally the Result of Anger and Disappointment; and the learned say, that Nothing tends so much to calm the Passions, and smooth the rugged Path of Life, as a Pipe of Tobacco. In short, Madam, says the old Gentleman, smiling, do you but consent to Mr. *Crab*'s smoking, and I will be answerable for his leaving off swearing.

Mrs. *Crab*, -tho' she was not very well pleased with the Captain's Decree, gave a Nod of seeming Approbation, took up one of the Candles, wished them a good Night, and retired to her Chamber. She had scarce got out of the Room before Mr. *Crab*, looking over his left Shoulder towards the Door, and extending his right Arm, gave the Captain a hearty Squeeze by the Hand, saying, a thousand Thanks, a thousand Thanks to you, noble Captain, this is a great Point gain-

He had now lodged and boarded with Mr. *Crab* about two Years, and passed his Time very agreeably, which the Reader may be a little surprized at, upon a Supposition that the coarse Behaviour of Mr. *Crab* must ill suit with the good Breeding and Civility of the Captain. But it had quite a contrary Effect. The Loftiness and affected Delicacy of Mrs. *Crab*'s Manner, contrasted by Mr. *Crab*'s Rudeness and Vulgarity, afforded no small Matter of Entertainment; and their frequent Bickerings furnished the Captain with Opportunities of shewing his Dexterity in the Art of reconciling Friends and conciliating Differences: A Talent that at the same Time it carries with it a most pleasing Sensation to the human Heart, gives the Possessor a remarkable Superiority over those on whom it is exercised.

The Entrance of Captain *Gorget* into the Par-
lour did not in the least interrupt the Altercation that was going on between Mr. and Mrs. *Crab*. The Captain had been too often Witness of their domestic Strife to be treated with Ceremony upon those Occasions; Mrs. *Crab* therefore availed herself of his Appearance, hoping that he would determine the Matter in Dispute in her Favour, as his natural Politeness had ever inclined him to support the Cause of the fair Sex, when it was not inconsistent with Justice and Propriety. Captain, says Mrs. *Crab*, you are come at a lucky Moment to convince my Husband of the Reasonableness of my Request. I'm sure you will be of my Opinion,

nion, which is, that no Gentleman should either swear or smoke Tobacco. Madam, answered the Captain, your Conversation was so loud that I could not avoid overhearing what passed before I came into the Room, and I am sorry to say that my Sentiments do not entirely agree with yours. Mr. *Crab*, it seems, has been driven from his Club by the Impertinence of a young Pedant who knows not his Place in Life, and he now seeks for that Recreation at Home which he can no longer enjoy Abroad. It is your Interest, Madam, to encourage this Resolution in him, and to contribute every Thing in your Power to make the Change agreeable. Swearing is generally the Result of Anger and Disappointment; and the learned say, that Nothing tends so much to calm the Passions, and smoothe the rugged Path of Life, as a Pipe of Tobacco. In short, Madam, says the old Gentleman, smiling, do you but consent to Mr. *Crab*'s smoking, and I will be answerable for his leaving off swearing.

Mrs. *Crab*, tho' she was not very well pleased with the Captain's Decree, gave a Nod of seeming Approbation, took up one of the Candles, wished them a good Night, and retired to her Chamber. She had scarce got out of the Room before Mr. *Crab*, looking over his left Shoulder towards the Door, and extending his right Arm, gave the Captain a hearty Squeeze by the Hand, saying, a thousand Thanks, a thousand Thanks to you, noble Captain, this is a great Point gain-

ed. Then filling his Pipe, he smoked away most manfully, whilst the Captain finished the Battle of *Fontenoy*, which he had began that Day after Dinner.

C H A P. IV.

A Description of two Schoolmasters—One of them chosen to have the Care of Master Crab.

MR. *Crab*, coming off victorious in this last Engagement with his Wife, was resolved to pursue good Luck, and to strike another Stroke while the Iron was hot.

He had before determined to make his Son a Scholar, and he now mentioned his Design to the Captain and Mrs. *Crab*. The first highly approved of his Plan, and the last could not help consenting to it, though with a bad Grace. So Master *Kit*, having compleated his sixth Year, was to be sent forthwith to what is called a Free-School; that is, a School where all People are at Liberty to send their Children upon paying only double the Price that is demanded at any other.

Upon casting about in their Minds and considering to what Place they should send the Boy, two public Schools presented themselves for their Choice. They were both equal in Distance from their Town, and pretty nearly so in Reputation, respecting the Number of Boys and
the

the Quality of their Parents ; but there was a very material Difference between the Characters and Dispositions of the Masters who presided over them. Mr. *Smith* made it a Rule never to inflict corporal Punishment upon his Boys. Mr. *Johnson* never inflicted any Thing else. Mr. *Smith* found out Methods to make them ashamed of their Faults. Mr. *Johnson* made them ashamed of Nothing, and afraid of every Thing. One behaved like an Eastern Tyrant. The other like the Father of his People. But Mr. *Crab* thought Mr. *Smith* was not sufficiently strict with his Scholars, and Mrs. *Crab* was quite out of Patience with the Severity of Mr. *Johnson*, declaring *as she was a Gentlewoman*, that no Person should whip a Child of her's without her Knowledge and Approbation. The Debate grew warm, and they were obliged to refer it as usual to the Captain, who delivered his Opinion in these Words :

It is a long Time, says he, (taking out his Snuff-box, which was made of a Goat's Horn, and rubbing it with the Palm of his right Hand) it is a long Time since I was at School, yet I remember every Thing that passed as well as if it was but yesterday. And I as often look back with Pleasure on those happy Days ; I have reflected sometimes with Concern on the Difficulties School-Boys are under in being obliged to learn from a Master who has neither Time nor Opportunity to know or even guess at the Capacities of

of perhaps five Boys in three Hundred that are under his Carc ; the Consequence of which is, that one Boy shall be praised and rewarded, for having made an Exercise that gave him little or no Trouble, and another punished severely, because he has racked his Brains to no Manner of Purpose. But if I am to determine the Matter in Dispute, I must join with Mrs. *Crab* in giving the Preference to Mr. *Smith*. For I can never suppose that Genius is to be whipped into a School-Boy, or Honesty into a Foot-Soldier ; and I have always looked upon the Experiment as an Indignity to human Nature.

If Mr. *Crab* was not altogether pleased with the Decision of the Captain, Mrs. *Crab* shewed evident signs of Satisfaction, and plumed herself on a Victory gained over her Husband. Master *Crab* was however equipped for School with all possible Expedition. On the Morning of his Departure, the Captain, who was very fond of the Boy, beckoned him to the Parlour Window, and slipping half a Crown into his Hand, bid him be a good Boy 'till he saw him again. The Child's Gratitude overflowed at his Eyes ; and the Captain, not being Proof against an Attack of that Kind, feigned a slight Indisposition, and made an aukward Retreat to his Chamber.

C H A P. V.

*The Wonderful Effects of Love, exemplified in
two extraordinary Marriages.*

IT was not necessary 'till now to tell the Reader that 'Squire *Williams* had never seen his Daughter Mrs. *Crab* since she was married; nor had any of her Sisters vouchsafed to visit or take the least Notice of her. But this was chiefly owing to the Influence and Power Miss *Williams* the Eldest had over the other five. She had received her Education at a *London* Boarding-School, where her leisure Hours were employed in reading Novels and Romances, amongst which her Favourite *Cassandra* had so wrought upon her Mind and intoxicated her Understanding, that she fancied herself, and behaved like, the *Roxana* of *North Wales*, giving her Sisters the different Names of *Statira*, *Parisates*, &c. &c. as she thought best suited their Persons and Dispositions. The two Brothers, who were Twins, and whose coming into the World had carried their Mother out of it twelve Years before, were likewise to act a Part in this romantic Scene. But it was no easy Matter to settle the Point of Precedency between them, being both Candidates for *Alexander* the Great, they quarrelled and fought almost every Day for the Superiority, 'till at last it was settled by the modern *Roxana* that they should both personate *Alexander* and
Darius

Darius by Turns. But the most ridiculous Circumstance of all was, that a little Brook which ran at the Bottom of their Father's Garden was christened by the pompous Name of the River *Euphrates*.

Such Princes and Princesses, the Wonder and Admiration of all the known World—ornamented with the Riches of the East, and sitting on the Banks of the River Euphrates, with the City of Babylon on their right Hand and the magnificent Tent of Darius on the left, whilst conquered Kings and their ill-fated Queens lie prostrate in Captivity before them. Could it be expected, I say, that these very Mortals who, in their own Imaginations, were worshipped by the People, should condescend to acknowledge a Shopkeeper's Wife for a Relation? No, that was too humiliating. And yet, O dire Disgrace! O Stain to Royalty! this Peerless Princess *Roxana* was at this Time shot thro' the Heart by the blind Boy with a burning Taper, and fell desperately in Love with that Son of a Tallow-Chandler the Curate; the same who had driven her Brother-in-Law Mr. *Crab* from his nightly Club. The Lady's Flame raged with such Violence, that Nothing but Matrimony, (no uncommon Extinguisher for Love) could quench it.

The Ceremony was performed with the utmost Privacy, but her Highness was obliged to consummate at a lonely thatched Cottage, to avoid being discovered.

When

When Captain *Gorget* had heard this strange Account, he turned up his Eyes, took out his Horn Box, and giving it three Raps upon the Lid, by Way of bespeaking the Attention of the Company, Ay, Ay, says he, this Lady is the very Counterpart of my old General, they are as like as a Brace of Halberds. I shall never forget him ha ! ha ! ha !. You must know the General was a great Man for Quality ; he never talked of any Thing else, and if his Friends expressed their Surprize that so accomplished a Man should live single so long, he told them it was his own Fault, for he had refused many fine Women with great Fortunes, because he was determined never to marry any Woman that had not a Title. However the good General thought proper at last to change his Resolution ; for at the Age of Sixty-five, he conceived a Passion for my Serjeant's Daughter, and the young Slut, having more Cunning than Chastity, managed Matters so artfully, that the General laid aside all Rank and Distinction, and married this Spawn of a Napfack without the least Shame or Confusion.

C H A P. VI.

Scandal excusable in a Country Town—A Reconciliation between Mr. Williams and his Daughter Crab—Description of a Country Apothecary.

IT is their Distance from the Capital is the Cause that Scandal prevails so much in Country Towns ; they have no fresh circulating Intelligence, nor interesting Events to entertain them. The mind of Man must be employed on such Objects as present themselves to his Understanding ; and it is not at all wonderful that a ruined Reputation, or even a horrid Murder should furnish Matter of Amusement, where there is Nothing better to speculate upon. The Reader will therefore very naturally suppose that Miss *Williams's* unfortunate Marriage became the Subject of Conversation, within a certain District, for many Months together. It was a delicate Morfel that did not happen every Day, and it was very eagerly devoured. The Affair was variously discussed, and the Opinions differed according to the different Ranks and Conditions of those that gave them. But as most people are fond of being thought to know the Cause and secret Springs of Action, and love a good Story better than a true one, it was not unpleasant to observe by what unaccountable Ways they would account for this extraordinary Wedding : Some said that Miss *Williams's* Pride had drove her
mad,

mad, and that she would have married a Foot Soldier if he had come in her Way; others that the Curate had dealt in the black Art, and had given her Love-Powder. But the better Sort, and those who pretended to more Wisdom than their Neighbours, found out that the young Parson had contracted an Intimacy with a Nobleman at the University, who had promised to make him a Bishop, which 'Squire *Williams* knew, and had consented to their being privately married. But to none of these Causes was the aforesaid Event owing. And if mankind were not so industrious to acquire a Character, which they ought to be ashamed of, that of an artful Man, there would have been no Occasion to go out of the common Road for an Explanation of this Business. *Miss Williams married Mr. Barnes the Curate because she loved him.*

The Flight of young *Barnes* could not be disagreeable to Mr. *Crab*, as it left him at Liberty to frequent his old Club again as usual. Nor was the disgrace of Miss *Williams* at all displeasing to Mrs. *Crab*, who now triumph'd in her Turn, and looked down with a dissembled Pity on the desperate Situation of the poor Curate's Wife. But their Attention at this Time was call'd by an Object of a more serious Nature, which prevented, at least for the present, the full Gratification of their Resentment.

It has been said before that Mr. *Williams* never had seen Mrs. *Crab* since her Marriage; and it was
thought,

thought, as she was his favourite Daughter, that the Restraint he laid upon himself, by a rash Resolution never to see her more, had brought on a nervous Complaint, which the present Defection of his eldest Daughter did not fail to increase. He was therefore pressed and prevailed on by his Friends to see Mrs. *Crab*, in hopes the Sight of her might comfort and alleviate the Anxiety of his Mind. The Person pitched upon by Mr. *Williams* to announce his Forgiveness to Mrs. *Crab*, was Mr. *Trundle*, the Apothecary to the Family. Mr. *Trundle* was originally a Foot-Boy to a Gentleman of *Ireland*, who visited *London* once in two or three Years, to settle his Accounts in the Treasury. In one of these Expeditions, *Jack Trundle*, being a sharp Lad, began to look out for a Place by which he might better himself, as they call it, and hearing of a Chemist in the City that wanted an Errand-Boy, he hired himself to him, and quitted his Master without giving any Notice. He had not been more than two years in this Service, before his Master, observing his Vivacity and unembarrassed Countenance, employed him as his Rider; the Nature of which Business is, to take Orders from the Country Apothecaries for Medicines, which they engage to furnish, notwithstanding their travelling Expences, &c. at one third less in Price than they can be fairly made for in *London*. *Jack*, (I beg Pardon) Mr. *Trundle*, in a Journey thro' *North Wales*, coming to this Town,

Town, heard that the principal Apothecary of the whole Country was just dead ; he set Spurs to his Horse, found out the Landlord of the deceased before any body had applied, took the House, and put out a Board, on which was written in Letters of Gold, *John Trundle, Apothecary, Surgeon and Man-midwife from London ;* and then he began immediately to kill for himself.

I have given this short Sketch of his Character, as I may have Occasion to say more of this worthy Practitioner hereafter. His Person was thick and short, but his Portrait has been already most exactly delineated by that excellent Artist *Hogarth*, in the sixth Plate of his *Marriage A-la-mode*.

CHAP. VII.

Mr. Trundle visits Mrs. Crab—A Conversation between them, proper to be read by all young Apothecaries who wish to succeed in the World.

MR. *Trundle* made all the Haste he could to Mr. *Crab*'s, to deliver the Message he had received from Mr. *Williams*. He neither ran nor walk'd, but his pace was something between both ; a Kind of Trot which those Animals the *London* Chairmen constantly make use of. He carried his Hat in his Hand, that he might not discompose a white Horse-Hair Bob Wig, the Bottom of which, from its natural Stiffness,

Stiffness, projected in a Horizontal Direction about six Inches from his Neck. When he arriv'd at Mr. *Crab's* House, the consequential Air he assumed upon his entering the Room, sufficiently declared the Importance of his Embassy before he spoke a Word. He took a Chair without being asked to sit, and placing it by Mrs. *Crab*, and himself upon it, Madam says he I give you Joy. Of what, pray, Mr. *Trundle*? says Mrs. *Crab*. Of your Father's Forgiveness, Madam, answered he. I am very glad to hear it, says Mrs. *Crab*. Yes, says he, (stroking his Chin) I have brought it about at last, and your Company is expected at the *Rock* (the Name of Mr. *Williams's* House) this afternoon. I am extremely oblig'd to you, Sir, says Mrs. *Crab*, (tho' she knew he had no Hand in the Reconciliation) this was very kind of you indeed, Mr. *Trundle*. Ay, ay, says he, I love to make People Friends, if I can. You know, Madam, (winking upon Mrs. *Crab*) I was always a great Favourite with the old Gentleman; no Wonder, I have kept him alive (putting his Hands on his Sides) by Art, these six Years. If Doctor, you know who, (winking again) had been concerned for him, it would have been another Story—he would not have known what ailed him now, (squeezing her by the Hand.) I believe so truly, says Mrs. *Crab*, to humour him. But, says he, I had a tight Piece of Work on't, I can assure you, to get him to consent to see you. You know,
 Madam,

Madam, some People have Methods of doing Things that others never can find out—not that I pretend to more Knowledge than my Neighbours, but I verily think that no Man in *England* could have done this Business but myself. You are certainly right, Mr. *Trundle*, says Mrs. *Crab*, but pray what is your Opinion of my Father's Health? Do you think him in any immediate Danger? Why really, Madam, says he, I don't know well what to say to that. The 'Squire is not young, and this same wedding of your Sister's has done him no good. I shall never forget the old Gentleman when he first heard it. How unfortunate am I! says he; What a Thunderclap is this to my old Age? that she should throw herself away upon a little Curate! O! what a Happiness it had been, my dear *Trundle*, if she had fix'd her Affections upon thee; but that would have been too great a Blessing. In this Manner Madam continued Mr. *Trundle*, will your Father go on sometimes for an Hour together, whilst I sit silent by him without saying a single Word till his Passion is over. I must now take my Leave; for I have a Number of Patients to visit, and many Letters to write of the utmost Consequence. I hope Madam, you will not fail——Depend upon it, Sir, (said Mrs. *Crab*, interrupting him) I shall not be so wanting in Duty to my Father, or in Prudence to myself, to neglect waiting on him since he permits me so to do.

The

The Moment after *Trundle* was gone, Mr. *Crab* and the Captain came Home. Well, Madam, says Mr. *Crab*, I bring you News; your Father—I know it, says Mrs. *Crab*, my Father desires to see me, Mr. *Trundle* brought me the Message. We met him just at the Door, says Mr. *Crab*. Ay, ay, says the Captain, he shot by us like a half spent Ball, and was out of Sight presently, or I would have asked him the Lie of the Day, for it must be allow'd that no Man, ei- in or out of Trade, has a larger Assortment of ready made Lies than the Doctor; and their Excellence consists in being so palpable, that no Person can be deceiv'd or misled by them. But I should not chuse to trust my Constitution in the Hands of this Poison-pounder. And yet by his Account, says Mrs. *Crab*, my Father thinks him another *Æsculapius*. *Æsculapius*, says Mr. *Crab*, who the Devil was he? Why he, says the Captain, was a famous Physician in the Days of yore, whom *Jupiter* struck dead for daring to bring *Hyppolitus* to Life after he had been torn to Pieces by wild Horses. But our *Æsculapius Trundle* will never provoke Providence by any impious Presumption of that Kind: For, so far is he from raising the Dead, that no Person ever pretended to charge him with having prolonged the Life of any Man Living.

C H A P. VIII.

*Mrs. Crab visits her Father—An Account of
 'Squire Williams's Death—The Reader intro-
 duced to a new Acquaintance, &c.*

WHEN Mrs. Crab arrived at the Rock, she entered her Father's House with Fear and Trembling. Like a Criminal who is to receive a Pardon from the Judge, she expected along with it a severe Admonition and Reprimand for past Offences. But how great was her Surprise, to find her Father, instead of the vociferous cholerick Man he was wont to be, so changed, that she should neither have known his Person or Voice in any other Place. When she first advanc'd towards him, he stared at her very earnestly, as at one whom he had not the least Knowledge of. But presently after, a Smile appeared upon his Countenance, and he seemed to regard her with some Signs of Remembrance. At length he slid almost imperceptibly from the Couch he sat on, down upon his Knees on the Floor, and immediately placing his two Hands together in a suppliant Manner, he cast so piteous a Look on Mrs. Crab, that it drew Tears from all the Daughters as they stood round him. On replacing him gently upon the Couch, he took hold of Mrs. Crab's Hand, and having made some vain Efforts to raise it to his Mouth, he had just

just Strength enough to utter the Words, O my Child ! and departed with the Smile still upon his Countenance.

Tho' Mrs. *Crab* had till this Hour always thought her Father's Behaviour to her since her Marriage rather cruel than otherwise, the Suddenness of his Departure, together with the affecting Manner of it, not only intirely effaced every Resentment, but plac'd her in the Circumstance of a Daughter whose Undutifulness had broke her Father's Heart. Full of these tender Sentiments, she reproach'd herself a thousand Times with Want of Attention to him in his last Illness, which she supposed might have been got the better of, if proper Advice had been called in. For tho' *Trundle* told her but a few Hours before, that he had kept him alive six Years by Art, she plainly saw now, that it was not the *Art of Preserving Health*.

In this Agitation of Mind was Mrs. *Crab* when she left her Father's House ; and as a Companion in Grief is thought to lessen the Load of it, she could not refrain, in returning Home, from communicating her Thoughts to young *Cork*, the Captain's Servant, who attended her to the *Rock* by his Master's Order.

But it is necessary I should introduce young *Cork* to the Reader before I go any further.

Young *Cork* was the Son of a Widow, whose Husband was a Corporal in the Captain's Company,

pany, and had the Misfortune to be killed at the Battle of *Fontenoy*. The poor Woman appearing very disconsolate for the Death of her Husband, our humane Captain took her into his own Quarters, and was very kind to her. When the War was over, the Regiment was ordered to *Ireland*, and upon its arrival at *Cork*, the poor Widow was brought to Bed of a Boy. Nobody presumed to guess at the Father of the Child, but the Captain stood God-father and was at the Expence of bringing him up till he was old enough to be put out, and then he took him into his own Service. The Boy was christened *Cork* from the Place of his Nativity.

Mrs. *Crab*, as I said before, unburthened her Mind to this young Man, and confessed all, and even more than all the filial Offences she had been guilty of to the best of Parents; to all which *Cork* answer'd in the affirmative, thinking it would be Arrogance in him to contradict a Lady. But this was not what Mrs. *Crab* wished or desired. She expected that *Cork* would administer Comfort to her, by blaming the Severity of her Father's Behaviour to her. However when she got Home, Mr. *Crab*, who generally differ'd in Opinion with her, made her ample Amends for *Cork*'s Fault. He flatly denied every Thing she advanced, and by that Means did her a Courtesy when he never intended it.

C H A P. IX.

*More Mortality in Mr. Williams's Family—
Trundle in Disgrace—A terrible Battle ensues,
which the Captain puts a Stop to by a famous
Speech.*

THE Interment of 'Squire *Williams* was scarcely solemniz'd, before Fortune furnished more Work for Master *Trundle* in the same Family. The Day after the Funeral, the twin Brothers, the two Master *Williams's* were seiz'd with an Illness, which turn'd out to be the Small Pox. *Trundle* was reckoned by the Lady Bountifuls and old Nurses of the Place, to be very skilful in this Disease, because he opposed the new-fangl'd cooling Method of treating it; and was a Friend to Sack, Saffron, Tares and Marygolds. It must be confessed that he gave these young Gentlemen constant Attendance, and he plied them so well all along with the warmest Cordials; that in the Afternoon of the seventh Day he sent them both hissing hot into the other World; by which he shewed his great Disinterestedness; for if, like many other Practitioners, he had suffered them to live to the fourteenth, his Bill for Medicines and Visits would have been exactly double. But as the greatest Generals and the most renowned Knights have experienced the Censure of the Public, whenever they have happened to be unsuccessful,

so

so it fared with our doctor upon this Occasion. For the Night after *Trundle* had dispatched his two Patients, he was attacked at the Club by Mr. *Bond* the Attorney. This *Bond* was one of those Lawyers, who, by their iniquitous Practices, bring the Profession into Disrepute, and induce their Clients to give up their natural Rights, rather than dispute them at the Expence of twice their Value. In his Behaviour, he was keen, sneering and satyrical; envious of all above him, and oppressive to those who did not shew him that Respect and Homage to which he was not intitled. I say, *Bond* made an Attack upon *Trundle*; but as he never proceeded directly in any Thing, he chose to do this obliquely by addressing his Discourse to Mr. *Crab*, well knowing that a Handful of Mud thrown forcibly against the Wall, will rebound and bespatter the opposite Person more universally than if it had been flung immediately at him. As soon as Mr. *Crab* entered the Club-Room, *Bond* began with wishing him Joy of being now Husband to one of the Co-heiresses of 'Squire *Williams*. Yes, says he, I think, Mr. *Crab*, you are greatly obliged to our Neighbour *Trundle* here; greatly indeed—there is not one in ten thousand would have gone such Lengths to serve another—he has destroyed them Root and Branch, egad, Father and Sons—and nothing but throwing Doublets at last would have compleated the Business—I suppose, continued he (winking at the same

Time upon the Tallow-Chandler) this is the Irish Method of bringing Ejectments. *Trundle* had heard all *Bond's* Sarcasms without being mov'd, 'till he came to the Reflection upon his Country; and then he reddened like a Turkey-Cock, which the Whiteness of his Horse-Hair Peruke served in Appearance greatly to augment; at length, Resentment working in his Stomach like an Emetic, (while Mr. *Crab* was telling *Bond* he was too hard upon the Doctor) out it came like a Torrent, crying 'sblood and 'ounds, Sir, what do you mean by your insinuations against my Country? by *Jesus* there is not a bigger Rogue in all *Ireland* than yourself, so remember that now. *Trundle* said a good deal more to this Effect, which it would be needless to trouble the Reader with. Every one knows that the Word *Rogue*, when spoken to an honest Man, is always received by him as a fond Expression and Mark of Esteem; but when addressed to a dishonest one, it is quite the Reserve: It raises his Indignation to such a Degree that he must burst if he had not Vent. Just so it operated upon *Bond*; who indulged his Passion by discharging the Stone Jug, that stood before him, Ale and all, full at the Head of *Trundle*, which coming in a Point-blank Direction, laid his Skull bare for about three Inches. The Doctor, not dismay'd by the Stream of Blood that flow'd plentifully down his Face, jumped up instantly, and making but one Stride across the long Table,

fell,

fell upon *Bond* like an enraged Lion, and it was thought, if the Tallow-Chandler had not come to the Lawyer's Assistance, that *Trundle* would have added one to the List of Murders he had already committed: But Mr. *Crab*, not thinking two to one fair Play, besides that he ow'd the Tallow-Chandler a Grudge on his Son's Account, joined the three Combatants; whom we will leave for a Moment to see what was doing at the other End of the Room.

It happened this Evening that the Captain came along with Mr. *Crab* to the Club; and as he was a Stranger, he had the honour to be placed next the Chairman, which was at the upper End of the Room. It seems when the Fray first began, the Captain stood up, and attempted to speak, but could not make himself heard. However, when the Engagement became more general, that is, when the Tallow-Chandler and Mr. *Crab* came to the Aid of their separate Friends, the Captain, being impeded by his wooden Leg, desired his next Neighbour to lend him his Arm to get upon the Table.

And now, gentle Reader, if thou hast ever perused *Quintus Curtius*, *Cæsar's* Commentaries, or the Life the great *Marlborough*, be so kind to recollect some Passage wherein a magnanimous Hero is directing his Army in the Heat of a Battle, and it will give thee a small Idea of our Captain, mounted on a long Deal Table, and haranguing the Club at the Goat Alehouse in——

When the Captain was fairly up, and had balanced himself upon his natural and artificial Leg, so as to be able to stand gracefully without the Help of his Crutch Stick, which he used as a General does his Truncheon. Gentlemen, says he, repeating it three Times, (as *Cæsar* was wont to say, Fellow-Soldiers—Country-Men—Citizens) In the Name of God and our good King, what could provoke you to these Extremities? We did not come here to quarrel, but to recruit our wearied Spirits after the Fatigues of the Day, with Ale and good Fellowship. If you must needs fight, go fight the French as I have done. (stamping upon the Table with his wooden Leg) The Army wants Soldiers, and that's the Place to shew your Courage in. In the mean Time, let me beg of you to be Friends—Believe me, I have no Interest in asking it. But be assured there is more true Spirit shewn in forgiving an Injury than in resenting it. I see you are all of my Mind—come here's Love and Friendship to us. (drinking) The Company all pledged the Captain, and afterwards departed seemingly in good Humour with each other. But *Bond* was overheard whispering the Tallow-Chandler and advising him to bring an Action against Mr. *Crab* for an Assault.

C H A P. X.

An Account of young Barnes's Death—Mrs. Barnes missing—An Alteration in Mr. Crab's Way of living.

THE Male Heirs of Mr. *Williams* being thus happily removed by the Dexterity of *Trundle* ; and the Daughters now coming into Possession of their Father's Estates, real and personal, it was expected that Mr. and Mrs. *Barnes* would make their Appearance, in order to receive their proportional Share of the Distribution, which it was supposed they stood in great Need of. But they heard Nothing of them. And when they applied to Mr. *Barnes's* Father, the Tallow-Chandler, for Intelligence, he acquainted them that he had a Letter from his Son very lately, in which he informed him, that soon after his Marriage, the distressed State of his Circumstances, together with the haughty Disposition of his Wife, determined him to seek for Bread in some foreign Country ; that an Opportunity of going Chaplain to the English Factory at *Constantinople* presented itself at that Time, which he gladly embraced, and that he thought himself very happy in that Station, being now free from the Pangs of Poverty and the Reproaches of an ambitious Woman.

Old *Barnes* said he knew Nothing of his Daughter-in-Law, but he supposed they would

hear soon enough from her; which however did not happen to be the Case. For tho' the Family took every probable Method to find her out, even to advertising in the *London Gazette*, they could not discover any Traces of her, or ascertain whether she was living or dead. In short they waited six, eight, twelve Months and no Tidings of Mrs. *Barnes*; but in the mean Time, there was an Account came from *Constantinople* that her Husband was dead of the Plague. This was no sooner known than it was generally conjectured that *Barnes* had murdered his Wife, and fled for Sanctuary to *Turkey*; where Vengeance had overtaken him in a miserable Death. However it was thought proper, and all the Sisters agreed to it, that Mrs. *Barnes's* distributive Share of her Father's Effects, should be entrusted to Mr. *Crab*, 'till this mysterious Affair should come to Light.

It was lucky for the Daughters that Mr. *Williams* died six Months before the Expiration of the Parliament, because he fully intended to stand again for the County at the next general Election, which would have cost eight or ten Thousand Pounds. As it was, they divided seven Thousand Pounds each, exclusive of the Mansion House, which the unmarried Daughters were allowed to occupy so long as they remained single, or until some one of the Family should be in a Situation to purchase it at a certain Sum fixed.

Mr.

Mr. *Crab* employed his Wife's Fortune in commencing Partnership with one of the principal Manufacturers at *Birmingham*; by which Means he was enabled to furnish the whole County with Hardware at a lower Price than the other Shop-keepers; so that he grew very opulent in a short Time. The Consequence of this was, that Mrs. *Crab* protested as *she was a Gentlewoman*, that she would walk no longer; and insisted upon Mr. *Crab's* bespeaking an Equipage that she might appear at Church and every where else as her Ancestors had done for many Generations. This Proposal was not very well relished by Mr. *Crab*, the more especially as it came rather in the Form of a Demand than a Request: But the Captain supposing a Coach would be very convenient for himself as well as the Family, strongly supported Mrs. *Crab's* Claim, and got the better of Mr. *Crab's* Obstinacy.

Mrs. *Crab* had another Point to gain, which was, to have a Footman cloathed in the same Livery with *Cork* the Captain's Servant; meaning by this to cut a Figure occasionally with two Servants behind her Carriage, the Vanity of which struck Mr. *Crab*, and provoked him to swear that he would not make himself look ridiculous, to gratify her damned Pride. So the Captain finding he could not bring the Enemy to capitulate, attacked him by Storm, and carried both Footman and Livery Sword in Hand.

C H A P. XI.

*A Dispute about the Arms of the Crab Family—
Mrs. Crab makes her first Appearance in the
Coach—Accident upon the Road—And an ex-
traordinary Adventure with the Gypsies—
Master Crab brought from School.*

THE Coach was now finished, all to the putting on of the Arms, about which arose some serious Difficulties. Mr. Crab had been so enveloped in Business all his Life long, that he had bestowed very little Time in the Study of polite Literature, and amongst the rest, had totally neglected that most useful and right honourable Science called Heraldry. Nay, so extremely ignorant was he in this Respect, that he knew not the Arms of the Crab Family. He was therefore obliged to write to a Friend in London, to get his Arms out of Doctors Commons. But when his Friend came to enquire at the Herald's Office, he found, to his great Surprise, that there were two different Families of the Crabs: For it was very plain they could not be two Branches of the same Family, from the Dissimilarity of the Arms. For Example, the Arms of one was, three golden Pippins *Argent*; the Crest, a Crooked Crab-Tree, and the Motto, *Avoid Temptation*. The other was, six Cockle Shells, *Or*; the Crest, a Lobster Rampant, with two Maremaids for Supporters, and the Motto, *Odds Fish*.

When

When this Account came down from *London*, it occasion'd much Contention between Mr. and Mrs *Crab*, about the Choice of the Arms. Mr. *Crab* was strenuous for the golden Pippins; saying, Madam, if you had any Regard for the Antiquity of my Family, you would make no more Disputes; don't you see plainly that the Apples shew our Origin to be as old as *Adam*? Very possibly, my Dear, answered Mrs *Crab*, but I would give up two or three thousand Years with all my Heart, for the Sake of Supporters: Your Pippins have no Supporters, my Dear, and you know I doat upon Supporters. The Captain seeing no Likelihood of their coming to a Determination, propos'd an Expedient, by telling them that the present Fashion was to have no Arms at all upon their Carriages; nothing but a Cypher; which he thought look'd very neat. Besides, Madam, says he, as long as Mr. *Crab* continues in Business, Supporters, I think, would be rather out of Character. Well, says Mrs. *Crab*, I will consent to the Cypher at present, but then I must positively have Bay Horses; black are so vulgar, my Dear.

Mr. *Crab* made no Objection to this last Article, which might have been expected; and the Reason was, a Gleam of OEconomy shot across him the Instant it was mentioned. He conceived a Notion that Bays might answer the Purpose of Saddle as well as Coach Horses, and so he consented without the least Hesitation.

When

When the Coach was ready, and all the Appurtenances thereunto belonging, the first Use they made of it was to fetch Master *Crab* from School. And as he was now to leave it finally, he was likewise to lose the Name of Master, as as soon as he got Home. The Captain had promised to accompany Mr. and Mrs. *Crab* in this Journey ; for a Journey it must be called, being four and twenty Welch Miles across a Country where the Roads are not extraordinary good. Suppose then, Reader, the Coach at the Door, and the Coachman, Footman, and *Cork*, all in their new Liveries. Suppose also (which is natural enough to suppose) the Neighbours from every Window in the street staring at it ; and lastly, suppose Mrs. *Crab*, blythe as a Bird, descending by four Steps from the Street Door, escorted by the Captain to the Coach Side, thro' a Croud of Spectators, and follow'd by Mr. *Crab* ; I say, suppose all this, and then guess what Mrs. *Crab* must feel at that very Moment. She literally felt nothing : not even the Step at the Coach Door. The Delirium of Joy was too great to admit of any corporeal Sensation ; But alas ; this Happiness did not continue above an Hour : It was interrupted by one of the Wheels taking Fire, which obliged them to get out and walk towards the next Village, whilst the Damage was repairing. You see, Madam, says Mr. *Crab*, as they marched along, you see the Uncertainty of all human Felicity. The higher we climb, the giddier we grow ; and are in more Danger of falling.

And

And pray, my Dear, says Mrs. *Crab*, pretending not to understand him, what may this Riddle mean? Mean, says Mr. *Crab*, furlily, it means, that if you had rid behind me upon *Badger*, as you used to do, there would be no Wheels to take Fire. That's true, answered the Captain, but the Danger of falling would have been greater, so that your Allegory does not hold. I don't understand your Allegories, not I, says Mr. *Crab*, but I know very well I shall have a Bill to pay for this cursed Wheel, besides walking two Miles in Torment with my plaguy Corn.

With this Kind of *agreeable* Conversation did our Travellers beguile the Time, whilst they were passing over a Common, which was bordered on the right Hand by a Wood, from whence issued a swarm of modern Egyptians, now called, from a Corruption of the World, Gypsies. They immediately accosted Mrs. *Crab*, who was foremost, with the usual Fortune-telling Cant; but her Mind was too much taken up with her own Equipage, and the Accident that happened to it, to give the least Attention to any thing they said. Yet notwithstanding her Indifference, there was a female Figure amongst the Crew, at some little Distance from her, that caught her Eye whether she would or no: And it would have been very extraordinary if it had not. Her Stature was something above the middle Size; her outward Garment, tho' plain, was cut in the eastern Stile and Manner, and her Hair was plaited with Straw and Pink Ribbands intermixed;
and

and the Ends twisted to a Point at the Top of her Head, where it formed the Shape of a small Crown or Coronet. There was a Grace and Dignity in her Deportment, and a sort of Majesty in her Step, that naturally suggested to the Mind of the Beholder another living *Cleopatra*. Mrs. *Crab* made a signal with her Hand to speak with her, which she understood and complied with, by advancing towards her, not like one who expected to receive Charity, but with all the Pomp and State of a Macedonian Princess in an Italian Opera: An English Boy, who had been changed into an Asiatic by the Help of Walnut Leaves, held up her Train, and she was followed by six Maids of Honour of the same Complexion. But before she approached so near to Mrs. *Crab*, that her Features might have been examined, one of her Attendants put a Hood upon her Head, which was so contrived, that it hid all her Face, except her Eyes and a part of her Forehead.

When this Queen of the Gypsies came up to Mrs. *Crab*, she took hold of her Hand, and looking her full in the Face, said, Madam, I perceive by your Countenance, that you have no Faith in Fortune-tellers; and that you look upon them as idle Vagabonds, that go about the Country cheating and defrauding ignorant People of their Money, by fair Promises and specious Pretences. This in general is too true. But I hope you are not so unhallow'd as to disbelieve, that Providence hath not at all Times, and still continueth, to induce

due mortal Men and Woman with the Gift of Prophecy ! The Examples are so numerous and well known, that it would be impious to deny it ; and I will convince you, before we quit the Spot of Earth on which we now stand, that I am one of those Children of Light to whom the Almighty has entrusted this secret magic Power.

Mrs. *Crab* smiled at the Solemnity with which she pronouncèd this last Sentence. However the mock Queen, disregarding her Sneer, proceeded thus : If, says she, I should begin with saying that your Father lived at the *Rock*—that you married against his Consent—that you have six Sisters, five unmarried. All this, and ten Times more, you'll say, I might have picked up in the Neighbourhood. But if I should tell you a Circumstance which you are well satisfied no Body could possibly know but your eldest Sister and yourself, I hope you will not think me an Impostor any longer. Here the Queen whisper'd Mrs. *Crab*, who, turning about to the Captain, with a Countenance as red as Scarlet, declared the Woman was a Witch. Be not alarmed, Madam, says the Queen, resuming the Discourse, your Secret is in safe Hands, and will remain so, if you can keep your own Counsel ; tho' I must inform you, that your eldest Sister, whom you all thought murdered, is living ; the Truth of which will be confirmed by a Letter written with her own Hand, to Mr. *Crab*, your Husband, wherein she will appoint a Meeting with him on the fifth Day of *February* next, at the Crown in *Wrexham* ;
there

there to receive her Fortune, which is in his Possession.

The Queen having finished what she had to say, stalked along towards the Wood like the Ghost in *Hamlet*, leaving Mr. and Mrs. *Crab* as much surpris'd as the Prince in the Play. The Captain indeed was only surpris'd (as he said) that the Woman should march off without desiring to have her Hand cross'd with a Piece of Silver, according to Custom; but Mr. *Crab* did not omit to put down the fifth of *February* in his Pocket-Book.

The Coach now overtaking them, to the great Joy of Mr. *Crab*, who was Corn-sick, they got in and pursued their Journey, at the End of which they arriv'd in the Evening, when they found Master *Crab* perfectly well, and the next Morning they return'd Home, without meeting with any Accident or Incident worth relating to the Reader.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

B O O K

 B O O K T H E S E C O N D .

C H A P. I.

A short Discourse on Children—How far they may be said to derive their Dispositions from their Parents—Mr. Christopher Crab an Instance to the Contrary.

HOW many, various, and contradictory are the Opinions concerning the Tempers and Dispositions of Children being dependent on and proceeding from those of their immediate Parents? If we will believe some, it matters not to the Child whether the Father be a Fool or a Philosopher, provided the Mother is sensible and prudent. Others, taking the Brute Creation for their Guide, will tell you, that it is not necessary a Woman or a Mare should have any particular Qualities for breeding; if they are well made it is sufficient. The Faculties of the Offspring will depend on the Blood of the Father. But there is another Class of People who lay it down for a Rule, that all Boys take after their Fathers, and all Girls after their Mothers; and really I cannot help thinking there is some Reason for this Opinion, if we consider, that Children, as soon as they are capable of receiving Information, are taught to believe that their Parents are all Excellence, and they cannot do better than to follow their
Examples

Examples in every Thing. However we must all allow it is no uncommon Thing to see a Child differ *toto Cælo* in every Respect, both from Father and Mother, without the latter's being in the least suspected of playing her Husband false. Young Mr. *Crab* was an Instance of this Kind. He did not inherit a single Particle of his Father's surly Severity, or his Mother's ridiculous Pride. On the contrary, he was so remarkably affable and courteous, that many People were ill-natured enough to say he could not be a *genuine Crab*; tho' his Mother's Character was never called in Question, unless the Tongue of Scandal should interpret to her Disadvantage, what the Gypsie-Woman whispered in her Ear, because she blushed when she heard it. I don't know how this Circumstance may appear to the Reader, but I think it incumbent on me, as a faithful Historian, solemnly to declare, that no Proof of Mrs. *Crab's* Criminality was ever attempted to be brought against her. However it is very certain that Mr. *Christopher Crab* had no Resemblance of either Father or Mother. All the while he was at School, his Humanity was so great, that he suffered as much for other Boys' Faults as for his own; being unable to see Punishment inflicted without partaking of the Pain. The torturing of Insects, and such like puerile Incitements to more serious Murders, he held in Abhorrence; and I have been told that he was whipt once for stealing away a Butcher's Knife, in hopes of saving the Life of an innocent Lamb.

This

This Humane Disposition inclined him to enquire, in a more particular Manner, after the Health of his Father's Friends and Relations, every Time he came Home from School. And as he could not help observing, that all those People who were afflicted with any Illness, seldom or ever survived it; it naturally led him to suppose, that there must be some Neglect or Want of Skill in the Person whose Care they were under. To say the Truth, *Trundle* did great Execution in the Town: The Plague under proper Regulations would not have carried off more of the Inhabitants.

These Considerations created a Concern in young Mr. *Crab* for the Misfortunes of his Fellow Creatures, and at the same Time an earnest Desire of assisting them, which he communicated, as he did almost every Thing, to his good Friend and Counsellor, the Captain. The Captain sympathiz'd with his young Pupil in his Feelings for the Distressed, and said to him, my dear *Kit*, as you are soon to go to *Oxford*, where you will be at Liberty to pursue any Branch of Learning you like best; I would advise you by all Means to study Physic: For tho' you will have a Gentleman's Fortune, and need not follow any Profession for a Livelihood, yet it will be a comfortable Reflection to you hereafter, my dear Boy, that you have made yourself a useful Member of Society, and that you did not, like the Generality of young Gentlemen, pass your Time at the University

University in nothing but Idleness and Debauchery.

The Captain's Proposal made the young Man's Heart flutter with Joy, and gave a Crimson Tint to his Complexion, that heighten'd the natural Beauty of his Countenance. In short, he had been meditating on the same Thing, and only wished it might meet with the Captain's Approbation. He departed soon afterwards for *Oxford*, with less Anxiety at leaving his Friends, than he would have done, if this Circumstance had not happened.

C H A P. II.

Mr. Crab receives an Appointment from Mrs. Barnes—Meets her—Mrs. Barnes gives her a short but extraordinary Account of herself.

ACCORDING to the Prediction of the Ægyptian Oracle, *Mr. Crab* received a Letter from *Mrs. Barnes*, appointing a Meeting with him to receive her Fortune, at the same Place, and on the very same Day that the Gypsie-Woman had foretold.

In this Letter she requested that *Mr. Crab* would come alone, for some particular Reasons, with which she would acquaint him when they met.

Mrs. Crab and the other Sisters, to whom the Hand-writing of *Mrs. Barnes* was well known, all confirmed the Authenticity of the Letter.

But

But the Captain was of a different Opinion, he believed it to be the Forgery and Contrivance of evil-disposed Persons, done with an Intention to rob Mr. *Crab* on the Road, when he had so large a Sum of Money about him: And and this Conjecture he founded on that Part of the Letter, wherein Mr. *Crab* was desired to come alone. What Objection, says he to Mr. *Crab*, could Mrs. *Barnes* have to your bringing any Body along with you? To me it is plain enough that the Letter never came from Mrs. *Barnes*. But if you must needs go, I would advise you to let *Thomas* and *Cork* attend you with my Carbine and Pistols, and then you will be prepared for the worst that can happen. This Plan was at last agreed upon; and on the fifth of *February*, at Eight in the Morning, they set off for *Wrexham*.

Mr. *Crab* led the Way upon *Badger*, *Thomas* followed with the Pistols before him upon one of the Coach-Horses, and *Cork* with his Carbine brought up the Rear on the other.

They had twelve Welch Miles to go, which would measure sixteen, and as they were to return the same Night, it was necessary to put the best Foot foremost. They did so, and arrived by Noon at the Crown in *Wrexham*, where Mr. *Crab* found Mrs. *Barnes* waiting for him.

After the first Salutation was over, Mr. *Crab* began with enquiring where and in what Manner she had passed her Time for so many
Years

Years since they had seen her. It is not many Months, says she, smiling, since you saw me, tho' the Disguise I had on, and the Alteration I made in my Voice, prevented your knowing me.

Be not surprised or shocked at what I am going to tell you — I am the Gypsie-Woman you met on the Common: And I am not ashamed to own, that I have lived many Years with those People you saw about me. You can easily guess at the miserable Circumstances in which that vile Man, my Husband, left me when he went away. You know very well in what Manner I was brought up, and are no Stranger to the Impression which the early reading of the best Romances had made upon my Mind. Think then how a Woman like me, who acknowledged no Superior, could bear the scornful Treatment that humble Poverty must patiently endure. Half distracted with my own Thoughts, I marched forth one Day into the Fields, without knowing or caring whither I went, but rather wishing the Path I was in might lead to the Habitation of some Monster, that would put an End to my deplorable Life. How far I had gone, or how long I had been in this doleful Reverie, is uncertain; but I was at length roused suddenly, as it were out of a Dream, and looking about me, I found myself surrounded by a Swarm of Gypsies, some of whom fell upon their Knees before me and called me Queen. I was instantly struck with that bewitching Name, and my Heart felt a kindly Warmth that promised

mis'd future Happiness. I immediately asked them whether, if I took up my Abode amongst them, they would treat me as their Queen? They all answered with one Voice, she shall be our Queen. I took them at their Words, and accompanied them to what they called their Settlement, where, the next Day my Coronation was solemnized, according to the ancient Ceremony of the Kings of *Egypt*.

You see, Sir, continued she, I have laid aside my Robes of Royalty to meet you here, but I hope you do not think that the Money you have just paid me, which enables me to live where I please, will incline me to quit a Crown to become a private Gentlewoman, and a Subject? No, Sir, the Pleasure of being obeyed has no Equivalent; and I declare, that, like *Cæsar*, I would rather be the first Person in our Forest, than the second in the great Metropolis of this Kingdom.

Mrs. *Barnes* pronounced these last Words with such an Air of Sovereign Authority, that Mr. *Crab* saw it would be in vain to persuade her to change her present Condition. He therefore withdrew, and left her Majesty to the Contemplation of her own ideal Importance.

When he got Home, and had related this extraordinary Adventure, the Captain and Mrs. *Crab* were more astonished than ever, and the latter vowed, *as she was a Gentlewoman*, she never more would own Mrs. *Barnes* for a Sister.

C H A P. III.

Mrs. Crab's Sisters all disposed of—Three by Marriage, and two by Death—An Account of Sir John Bangham, one of the Ladies' Husbands.

THE five maiden Sisters, who had hitherto occupied the Mansion-House at the *Rock*, were soon after this, variously disposed of and divided. Their Fortunes being ascertained, brought many Suitors from greater Distances than the Limits of the Neighbourhood ; and the three Eldest got Husbands not unsuitable to their Rank and Condition.

The other two had the Misfortune, on Account of Illness, to fall into the Hands of *Trundle* ; the Consequence of which was certain, tho' not sudden Death. As two of the three newly married Ladies were now removed to the further Side of the County, and for that Reason, had little Inter-course afterwards with the Rest of the Family, we shall seldom have Occasion to mention them ; but the other Sister, having married Sir *John Bangham*, Baronet, who lived within a short Mile of the *Rock*, will necessarily make a Part of our History.

Sir *John Bangham* inherited a good Estate from his Father ; the annual Income of which he spent in the Company of his Tenants and Dependents. His principal Recreations were
Hunting.

Hunting, Shooting, Drinking, Cock-fighting, Bear-baiting, Bowling, Boxing, and such like gentlemanly Amusements.

When he went to School, his Mother gave private Orders to his Master not to contradict him, or tease him to learn his Book if he did not chuse it. So that it was not so much owing to Incapacity as the Want of proper Application, that Sir *John* could not read. But if Nature was niggardly to him in the Faculties of the Mind, she made him Amends in a good Constitution and great bodily Strength. His Knowledge of the World was confined to a few Miles round him, for he had never been further from Home than a Fox-chace had carried him; and he knew no more what was doing in the next County to him, than of the daily Occurrences at *Madagascar* or *China*. Within his own District he was as despotic as the Grand Signior, for he had no Gentleman to contend with, except the Parson of the Parish, with whom he lived in a State of perpetual Warfare.

There were two Causes of Animosity constantly subsisting between Sir *John* and the Parson. In the first Place, Sir *John* having no Notion of Religion, looked upon all the Clergy as so many Drones, that live by the Labours of other People, without contributing any Thing to the Stock, and therefore he would never pay the Tithes 'till the Law obliged him to it. The other Thing was, that the Parson, who was a

Sportsman and a very good Shot, used to go out a Courseing with a Couple of Greyhounds, a springing Spaniel and a Gun. So that what the Dogs could not catch he killed himself.

Sir *John* reckoned this Mode of proceeding downright Poaching, and for that Reason ordered his Dogs to be shot. In Return for that Kindness, the Parson put Sir *John* into the Spiritual Court, for living in Adultery with one of his Tenant's Wives. And in this Manner did they continue to persecute each other, for many successive Years.

It was not thought probable that a Man of Sir *John's* Cast and Character, would ever obtain any Woman in Marriage, above the Degree of a Chambermaid. But every Objection to the Man was lost in his Title; Miss *Williams* was too much dazzled with the Thoughts of your *Ladyship*, to observe and consider, as she ought, the brutal Behaviour of her future Husband.

C H A P. IV.

A short Chapter, containing little more than the Transformation of a Tradesman into a Gentleman.

THE Mansion at the *Rock* being now intirely uninhabited, Mrs. *Crab*, who had long meditated a Design of living there, whenever she could bring it about, thought this a proper Opportunity to found Mr. *Crab* upon the Subject. But as she knew he was not very ambitious of being stiled a Gentleman, and that he would not easily be induced to quit a very lucrative Business, merely for the Honour of being called *John Crab, Esq*; she thought it necessary to Communicate the Affair to her Friend the Captain, and to consult with him upon the Plan of Operations, and the Method of making their Attack.

The Captain proceeded in this Undertaking like a cautious experienced Commander. He carefully reconnoitred the Enemy, and examined well the Ground they were to engage upon; the former of which he found very Strong, and capable of making a vigorous Resistance, and the latter very Disadvantageous to him and his Ally. After he had sat musing for some Minutes, on the Difficulties of this Enterprize, without answering Mrs. *Crab*, he at length drew forth his Horn-Box, and giving it three Raps, the usual

Signal for Attention, said, It is my Opinion, Madam, that Nothing can justify the Imprudence of attacking an Enemy in their Intrenchments, but the Impossibility of retreating or the Danger of Starving. For though the Duke of *Marlborough* and Prince *Eugene* did it often with Success, you are to consider that it was an *English* Army against a *French* one. And between you and I (here the Captain put his Hand up to the Side of his Face, and spoke in a Whisper, tho' no Body was present but Mrs. *Crab*) we had done better without some of those Victories. Not that I mean to depreciate the Fame of those two great military Geniuses; but as the *Dutch* did not contribute their Quota either of Men or Money, the Burden of the War lay chiefly upon poor Old *England*. However we must not find Fault with our Superiors in Power, or else I could— For God's Sake, Captain, says Mrs. *Crab*, what has the Duke of *Marlborough* or Prince *Eugene* to do with our living at the *Rock*?

Why, says the Captain, I must acknowledge, Madam, I have wandered a little from the Subject; but perhaps I am not altogether so wide of the Mark as you may imagine. For without putting any strain'd Sense upon the Matter, we must, on this Occasion, suppose Mr. *Crab* to be our Enemy: That is, we want to carry a Point which he will oppose. And the Question is, How are we to set about this Business? There
are

are but two Ways; one is, to convince him by Treaty or Stratagem, of the Reasonableness of our Demand; the other, to force him into our own Terms, by making this House too hot to hold him. And pray, Sir, says Mrs. Crab, which Method would you Recommend? The most lenient, be assured, Madam, replied the Captain; I would propose, says he, that an anonymous Letter should be written to the Partner of Mr. Crab, at *Birmingham*, acquainted him that Mr. Crab grew tired of Business, and that a moderate Sum of Money would tempt him to relinquish it.

In a word, Mrs. Crab approving of the Captain's Plan, put it in Practice immediately, and the Undertaking was crown'd with Success. Mr. Crab accordingly purchased the *Rock-House* at the Price before agreed upon, where the CRAB-FAMILY have flourished ever since, as will appear from the Sequel of this History.

C H A P. V.

Describes Captain Gorget's Dress, &c. and gives an Account of Mr. Crab's first Day's Journey to Oxford.

I Fancy most of my Readers are by this Time, pretty well acquainted with Captain Gorget: But as it is a common Remark *That you may guess at a Man's Mind by the Manner of his cloathing his Body*, I am willing to describe the

Captain's Dress, in order to elucidate his Character as much as possible.

The Captain's Head, except one bald Spot about the Crown, was covered with his own short grey Hair, which his Man *Cork* twisted every Morning with a Bit of black Ribband into a Pig-tail of four Inches in length. He had likewise a Silver Ringlet proceeding from a large Mole upon his right Cheek. His Hat was in the *Kevenhuller* Form, having never altered the Cock since that Fashion first came up twenty Years before. A Strip of black Silk put twice round his Neck, and tied in a hard Knot before, serv'd him for a Cravat. He wore a blue Coat, lapell'd with Brass Buttons, and a plain Scarlet Waistcoat and Breeches. But I must not forget to Mention, that he was girt round with a tarnished embroidered Belt, that was given him by a Dutch Colonel of Horse, which he promised constantly to wear for his Sake. The Shoe and Stocking of the left Leg (he had no right) was always extremely neat and clean. For he used to say jocularly, that a Man with one Leg, like a Man with one Child, is at less Expence in providing for it, than he that has two. This was the Captain's common Every-Day Dress; but on some particular Occasions, such as the Birth-Day of the King, or that of *William* Duke of *Cumberland*, for whose Fame and Memory he had the highest Veneration and Esteem; on such Days he always put on his Regimentals, which

which he kept by him for such festive Purposes. And, what is rather remarkable, the Captain seldom fail'd, on the Evenings of those Days only, unless he happened to be dead hoarse, to treat the Company with a Song; the Subject of which was generally the Description of some Sea or Land Engagement. He was particularly fond of one of *Purcell's* Songs, that begins thus,

Sing, Sing, all ye Muses, your Lutes strike
around.

When a Soldier's the Story, what Tongue can
want Sound?

The musical Reader need not be told that this Song is very finely set for two Voices; but the Captain sung it by himself, to the Tune of *All Joy to great Cæsar*, with great Applause. Tho' he never sung in Form, as I have observ'd but on Holiday Nights, he was nevertheless a great Hummer; especially in the Gaiety of his Heart, and when all Things went on prosperously, you would hear him humming *When a Soldier's the Story, &c.* from Morning 'till Night. I had almost forgot to say that he never put on his Regimentals without the Sword he wore at the Battle of *Fontenoy*.

Having finished the Captain's Portrait, I find myself much more at my Ease. For let the Reader think what he will, I could not help perpetually reproaching myself with having hitherto neglected so material a Part of this History.

Young Mr. *Crab* had been pursuing his Studies at the University for four Years, with that Degree of Application, that is necessary to produce Knowledge and Improvement. In every Account his Father had received from *Oxford*, concerning the Conduct and Behaviour of his Son, he had the Satisfaction of hearing a most amiable Character of him; a Circumstance not a little pleasing to the Captain, who had frequently foretold, that *Kit Crab* would one Day make an excellent Citizen of the World.

Young Mr. *Crab* had not visited *North Wales* since he first went to Colledge, tho' he corresponded regularly with his Father, and still oftner with the Captain.

He passed his Vacations in *London*, (according to the Captain's Advice) among the best Company, and generally with People older than himself. The Time destined for his Continuance at the university, was nearly expired; and as Mrs. *Crab* had never seen *Oxford*, she proposed to her Husband, that they might go thither to fetch their Son Home. Mr. *Crab* did not at first much approve of this Scheme, but recollecting afterwards that they could take *Birmingham* in their Way; and that he might settle all Accounts finally with his late Partner, he agreed to the Proposal.

The Captain did not wait to be asked to make one of the Party. He was so happy with the Thoughts of seeing his Friend *Kit*, that he would

not

not have staid behind to have been made Adjutant General of the Army.

On the tenth of *June*, then of all Days the longest in the Year, Mr. *Crab*, having hired a Pair of Coach-Horses, that matched tolerably well with his own two, they began their Journey for *Oxford*. That is to say, Mr. and Mrs. *Crab*, and the Captain in the Coach, and *Thomas* and *Cork* on Horseback behind it.

The Weather being fine, and the Errand they were going upon very agreeable to all three, it is natural to suppose, that every Object they met with on the Road, wore a pleasing Appearance, and contributed much to shorten the Length of their Journey.

The Felon that is dragged slowly along from *Newgate* to *Tyburn*, goes Post in his own Imagination; whilst the wretch that is whipt round *Covent Garden*, thinks it the longest Journey he ever took.

Our Friends went no further than *Newport* in *Sbropshire*, the first Day, where they arrived at six in the Afternoon.

They were no sooner shewn into a Room by the Landlord at the Red Lion, than their Ears were saluted by a Trumpet and Drum. And as an old Hunter pricks up his Ears at the Sound of a Horn, so the Captain was roused from his Chair, and his Curiosity brought him to the Window, to know upon what Occasion those two warlike Instruments were employed; when behold upon reconnoitring the Parties, one of whom, the Trumpeter, (who was dressed in a

Scarlet Suit with a gold Lace, changed almost to a Copper Colour) the Captain thought he had some Knowledge of ; however he waited till the Flourish of the Instruments was over, to hear whether there was any Speech to be made. He was presently put out of Suspence, by the Gentleman in Scarlet, who having removed the Trumpet from his Mouth, and placed it under his left Arm, pronounced with an audible Voice as follows.

Gentlemen and Ladies, this present Evening will be performed, at the Great Room in the White Talbot Yard, the Tragical History of King LEAR and his three Daughters, by a Company of Comedians, who have had the Honour to perform with great Applause, before the King and all the Royal Family. The Characters are all new dress'd ; and the Part of *Cordelia* to be performed by a Gentlewoman being her first Appearance.

To which, by *Desire*, will be added, *The Devil to Pay*. The part of *Nell* by the Lady who performs *Cordelia*.

When this Ceremony was over, the Captain threw up the Sash, and beckoning the Spokesman to him, said, I think, Friend, I have seen your Face before ; but I cannot call to Mind where. God Bless your Honour, says the Man, I am heartily glad to see your Honour look so well. What, has your Honour forgot poor *James Maccloud*, that lived Servant with Colonel *Vanderblooden*

blooden at Rotterdam? Ay! ay! *James*, says the Captain, is it thee? But tell me, how came thou by this fine Coat? Very honestly, please your Honour. In the same Manner that your Honour came by that embroider'd Belt. You must know, Sir, that I liv'd with my Master 'till he died; and then his Lady (God Almighty blefs her for it) gave me all his Wearing Apparel. So I came over to *England*, and as I did not know how to dispose of my Cloaths to better Advantage, I sold them to the Master of a strolling Company, and turn'd Actor myself.

Well, *James*, says the Captain, but who is this Gentlewoman that never performed before? God blefs your Honour, I did not say she never performed before, I said *Being her first Appearance*, meaning here. It is a common Thing at the Theatres-Royal in *London*, to say in their Play-Bills, *The Part of———to be performed by a Gentlewoman, or Gentleman, being their first Appearance*, tho' perhaps they have play'd in most of the stroling Companies in *England*. You know, your Honour, we cannot do better than follow the Example of the Commanders in Chief, the Managers of the King's Theatres. As to the Gentlewoman that is to play *Cordelia* to Night, it is my Wife, and a very good Hand she is, only the poor woman's, very big with Child at present, or else she would have danc'd a Hornpipe between the Play and the Farce. This is the first Night of our performing in this Town. I hope we shall have your Honour's Company?

Company? Why look you, Friend *James*, says the Captain, I should have had no Objection, if it had happened to have been a Comedy, but these Tragedies affect the Spirits too much, and make me unhappy; if it had been the Recruiting Officer, (placing his Cane upon his left Shoulder like a Firelock) I would have said something to you.

The Recruiting Officer, answered *James* eagerly, your Honour shall have it. It makes no Difference to us. We intend to play it o' *Wednesday* next; and we are ready dressed for either. I am obliged to thee, *James*, says the Captain for thy Offer, but as you have given out King *Lear*, it would be a Disappointment to your Audience; so (giving him a Crown) I wish thee Success, *James*, with all my Heart.

James thanked his Honour a thousand Times, and marched off, sounding *Britons strike Home*.

C H A P. VI.

Cork and Thomas go to the Play—A Description of it, and the Accident that very much shortened the Performance.

S O O N after *James Maccloud* was gone, *Cork* and *Thomas* came and asked their respective Masters Leave to go and see the *Shew*; which the Captain granting, Mr. *Crab* could not descently refuse; though, as he said, he did not like to encourage Stage Players.

When

When the two Servants returned from the Play, the Captain had a strong inclination to hear what *Cork* would say of it, as he had never seen an Exhibition of that Kind before; and as Mr. and Mrs. *Crab* had no Objection, *Cork* was ordered in.

Well, *Cork*, says the Captain, how did you like the Play? I lik'd it hugely, Sir, says *Cork*, the Shew-Folks were all mortal finely dress'd, except one, and he was cover'd with Rags: I verily believe he was a downright Madman; but they seem'd to be main proud, for they spoke to no Soul but one another. Well, *Cork*, says the Captain, but what is the Play about? Why, you must know, Sir, says *Cork*, there's a King, and he has three Daughters, and he has a Mind to leave off being a King, so he divides all he has amongst his three Daughters, only he does not give the youngest any Thing; and in my Mind he was quite wrong, for she had done nothing at that Time to disoblige him; but he was rightly serv'd, for when the two eldest Daughters got into their Father's House, they turn'd him out of Doors in one of the bitterest Nights that ever was known. And what became of the youngest Daughter, says the Captain? Why, poor Soul, she was almost distracted, so she went and took on with the ragged Madman that I told your Honour of; but to be sure she must have kept him Company long before, because she was taken

en

en in Labour soon afterwards. How, *Cork*, says the Captain, was the youngest Princess *Cordelia* taken in Labour? I fancy you must mistake. As I have a Soul to be sav'd, says *Cork*, it's as true as I stand here. Ask *Thomas* else, if the Gentleman Trumpeter, that talked with your Honour this Afternoon, did not come from behind the Blanket and tell us so; nay, for that Matter, we could hear her plain enough. And so the Play ended. Ay, ay, says the Captain, laughing, now I recollect, *James* told me the Princess was very near her Time. But there was something after the Play, was there not? No, Sir, says *Cork*. They told us if this Accident had not happened, they would have shewed us the Devil and all his Works.

Here the Captain laughed again, and at the same Time gave a Signal which *Cork* understood, and he withdrew to the Kitchen, where he told his Tale again, with many more wonderful Circumstances.

When *Cork* was gone, Mr. *Crab*, who knew nothing of the Interview between the Captain and *James Maccloud*, and being little conversant in Entertainments of this Kind, could not conceive the Meaning of all this. Pray, Captain, says he, did not *Cork* tell us that the Princess was brought to Bed, before the End of the Play, tho' she did not appear to be with Child at the Beginning of it; She must be a notable Breeder Faith. O fie! Mr. *Crab*, says Mrs. *Crab*, how can you be so indelicate? *As I am a Gentlewoman,*
you

you shock me exceedingly. I was in hopes when you quitted Trade, you would have chang'd your Ideas and your Language, and have behaved like a Gentleman, but I see *what's bred in the Bone*——Zounds, Madam, says Mr. Crab, don't tell me, you may say what you will, but it is impossible the Thing could have happen'd ; but to be sure you are wiser than any Body.

The Captain stop'd all further Proceedings by explaining the Affair in a Manner satisfactory to both of them, and they went to Bed in tolerable good Humour with each other.

The Captain, whose Happiness encreased in Proportion as he drew nearer his dear *Kit*, hummed louder than usual, his favourite Song, as *Cork* was lighting him up to his Apartment.

C H A P. VII.

Is a Chapter intirely Sentimental.

IN the Morning the Captain was down in the Breakfasting-Room, and had treated his Nose with half a Dozen Pinches of Rappee Snuff, before Mr. Crab made his Appearance. When he came, the Captain took him under the Arm, and leading him to the Window, pointed to a Pane of Glass, on which were written some very obscene Lines. I wish, says he, every Man who writes and publishes, for I look upon this to be the worst Species of Publication, because the Innocent and Modest are unwarily drawn in to
read

read it, without thinking of it; I say, if every Man were compelled to put his Name to what he publishes, it would put a Stop to this Kind of Ingenuity, as the Author would be sure to meet with his Deserts, a good Caneing, or Kicking at least.

For my part I think it would very much puzzle the learned to prove that Writing has done more Good than Harm in the World. How many Thousands have suffered Death by the controversial Writings on Religion only! How many Battles, Murders, Massacres, and, I might say sudden Deaths have they not been the Cause of! 'Tis my Opinion that Ink sprinkled upon white Paper, by the Help of a Goose Quill properly directed, and from thence conveyed thro' the Eyes to the human Brain, is as deadly a Poison in some Constitutions, as the white or yellow Arsenic, and—All this may be very true for ought I know, says Mr. *Crab* rather abruptly, but I cannot help thinking that Writing has done more Good than Harm. For instance, how would the Accounts between my partner and me be settled without it? Your Accounts, says the Captain, Pshaw.

It must be confessed that the Word *Pshaw* was pronounced a little peevishly; but I believe there is not a Reader of the least Animation, who will be surprized that the best natured Man in the World should lose his Temper upon so critical a Conjunction. For if we consider that the Captain was at that Time in a Philosophical Mood,
and

and perhaps at that very Moment inclining to be somewhat Hobbyhorfical, which is a Kind of Seasoning, the most agreeable that can be imagined, to Cogitation : If we suppose (which cannot well be avoided) that he had arranged an endless Number of Volumes in his Imagination, all written professedly to explain, but operatively to confound certain Mysteries in Religion and Politics : And lastly, if we will allow that the Captain was then ruminating upon and measuring in his own Mind the real Good and Evil that had accru'd to Mankind, from the Perusal of the said Books ; I say we shall not wonder that he was displeas'd to be interrupted in the Middle of his Calculation, by the trivial Accounts of a Country Shopkeeper.

As I should be sorry that the Captain's Character, either as a Gentleman or a Christian, should suffer for having hastily utter'd that contemptuous Monosyllable Pshaw, I hope I have sufficiently apologized for it, even in the Opinion of the most polite and well bred Reader.

And now I think we have been long enough at *Newport*. I will therefore order the Coach to the Door, and set off for *Birmingham* immediately.

C H A P. VIII.

Is the Chapter of Accidents.

HE Y day ! says Mr. *Crab*, what the Devil is *George* about ? I vow to God we shall be overturned ! Lord, my Dear, says Mrs. *Crab*, and over they went. This happened within five hundred Yards of the Inn they had just left ; and tho' no other Mischief ensued, but the breaking of one of the Side-glasses and the Captain's wooden Leg, they were under the Necessity of returning to the Red-Lyon, to procure a new Leg for the Captain ; and the Author is obliged (if he may use the Expression) to *proceed backwards* in his History, which it is hoped the Reader will excuse, as it is plainly owing to an Accident that could not be foreseen.

The Coach was forthwith lifted up, and the Captain lifted into it, Mr. and Mrs. *Crab* choosing to walk back. And here it might be expected that Mr. *Crab* would have exercised the Authority of a Master, to reprimand *George*, the Coachman, for his Carelessness : But he did no such Thing ; and why he did not, will appear presently.

A Plague of these Players, says Mr. *Crab*, as he went along, pulling up his Breeches ; I thought some Devilment or other would befall us. Why what, my Dear, says Mrs. *Crab*, have the poor Players done to offend you ? What !
replied

replied he, why they have been the Cause of our being overturned. Ha! ha! ha! as I am a Gentlewoman, says Mrs. *Crab*, that's as good a Joke as ever I heard; pray, my Dear, explain this Conundrum of yours? I don't know whether I will or no, Madam, says Mr. *Crab*, but I know it's no laughing Matter, it will cost me fifty Shillings or three Pounds, to replace the Side-glass, and I verily believe that Rascal *George* turned us over on purpose, because I would not let him go to the Play last Night. O, says Mrs. *Crab*, then I see the Reason why you did not scold him. Indeed I think he had a Right to be angry at the Disappointment, tho' I don't believe he turned us over on purpose.

When Mr. and Mrs. *Crab* came to the Red-Lion, they found the Captain seated in an Elbow Chair, with the Landlord (who was a Joiner by Trade) upon his Knees before him, and *Cork* standing at his right Hand, like an Assistant Surgeon, in an Operation where there is nothing for him to do. In this Situation was our mechanical Innkeeper, taking the exact Measure of the Captain for a new Leg, when (a Pox on the Association of Ideas, which is capable of bringing before us the Circumstances of an Event that happened ever so long before) I say then, that this Fracture of the Captain's wooden Leg, brought to his Mind at that Moment, the Time, Place and Action wherein he lost his real Leg; and as he was now in the Heat of the Battle, at the Head of his Grenadier Company, he cried

cried out, in an Extacy of Joy, *Well done my brave Boys*, at the same Time, with the Stump of his wooden Leg, he gave the operating Landlord such a violent involuntary Kick in the Face, as drove him Head over Heels. The Rage of the Landlord and the calm Surprize of the Captain, recovering from his Reverie, may be easier conceived than described; but it was lucky for both of them, that Mr. and Mrs. *Crab* entered the Room just at that Period, to prevent further Mischief. For they found it very difficult to persuade the Inn-keeper that there was no Harm meant, when he perceived one of the Grinders of the Left-side his Jaw was dislodged by the Severity of the Blow. However, upon the Captain's soothing him, and using a still more convincing Argument, which was a Promise to pay him double what was agreed upon for the new Leg, the Joiner's Wrath was appeased, and he went to Work immediately without lamenting the Loss of his Tooth.

C H A P. IX.

Mr. Crab exposes his Ignorance in dramatic Writing—The Captain has another Interview with James Macloud, who gives him a Specimen of his Skill in Acting.

JUST after the Landlord left the Room, Mr. Crab, went out into the Inn-yard to seek for George the Coachman, and to talk with him about repairing the Side-Glass; but his Attention was taken up by the Appearance of a Man walking backwards and forwards, with his Arms across, in a very disorderly Manner, for the Space of a Minute or two; and then, tho' without any Signs of Provocation, he flew like a Madman, upon the poor Ostler, who was cleaning some Coach-Harness at the Stable-Door, and seizing him by the Collar with both his Hands, he cried out as loud as his Voice would let him,

Villain, be sure thou prove my Wife a Whore;
Be sure of it: Give me the ocular Proof,
Or by the Worth of mine eternal Soul,
Thou hadst better have been born a Dog,
Than answer my wak'd Wrath.

When Mr. Crab had heard and seen this, he hastened back to the House, saying to himself as he went along, the Devil may part you both for me. And as he came into the Room to Mrs.

Crab

Crab and the Captain, here, says he, we have got a Madman in the Yard; I wish we were well out of this Town. I'm afraid this Fellow will drive in here and do us a Mischief. I'll bolt the Door. Pray, says the Captain, how does the Man behave? Behave! says Mr. *Crab*, why he run like a Fury at the Ostler, and collar'd him; and then he roared out, *Villain be sure thou prove my Wife a Whore*, and such stuff as that. Ha! ha! ha! I'll be hanged, says the Captain, if this same Madman be not my Friend *James Maccloud*, rehearsing the Part of *Othello*.

Upon Enquiry it turned out just so. And as the Captain could not stir out of his Chair for Want of his Leg, he begged Mr. and Mrs. *Crab* would permit *James* to be brought into the Room; which being complied with, *Othello* entered and bowed in the same Manner he would have done, if the Senate of *Venice* had been present.

James, says the Captain, I find you have been rehearsing *Othello* with the Ostler in the Stable-yard. I desire you will now give us the Speech in that Play, which has this line in it,

Farewell the plumed Troops and the big War,
 &c.

I forget how it begins. I'll give it your Honour directly, says *James*; so without any more Ceremony, he turned himself round and composed

composed his Countenance to express the united Passions of Rage and Sorrow, and then whipping out a half-dirty Neckcloth from his Coat-Pocket, which was to do the Office of a white Handkerchief, he began with these Words,

I had been happy if the general Camp,
Pioneers and all, &c.

And went thro' the Speech with *universal Applause*; that is to say, Mr. *Crab*, having never before seen any Thing above a Puppet-Shew, was quite Thunder-struck. Mrs. *Crab* was astonished to see the Captain so agitated, and the Captain himself was as much affected as if *Garrick* had spoken it; which may be asserted without any Disparagement to the Captain's Judgment, or Flattery to *James's* theatrical Merit; for it was *Othello's* pompous Farewell to the Army, that struck the Captain, being somewhat similar to his own Thoughts, when he was wounded and carried off the Field of Battle; and the Reader knows it is common enough for an Audience to applaud the Author, when they would, if it was possible to make the Distinction, have his'd the Actor, whose Vanity generally prompts him to believe the Approbation was given intirely to his Performance.

James Maccloud was however encored three Times; and at the Conclusion, when he says,
Othello's

Othello's Occupation's gone, the Captain threw himself back in his Chair, and kept his Eyes fixt for a Minute at least, on his wooden Stump; then looking up, says he, When do you perform this Play? To Night, Sir, says *James*.

If the Landlord, replied the Captain, should get my Leg ready in Time, I'll come and see you; in the mean while there's something to buy you a Pair of Gloves.

The Landlord, knowing the longer he was about the Leg, the more Money would be spent in his House, did not come to try it on upon the Captain till nine o'Clock at Night, which was too late for the Play. Mr. *Crab* was still more disappointed by this artful Delay of the Landlord, for he expected that the Leg would have been finished by Noon, and that they might have pursued their Journey after Dinner. A Plague confound this Fellow, says he, if I was in the Captain's Place, I would return the Leg upon his Hands and go without it, sooner than be impos'd upon. The Captain gave him the Hearing, but if he could have gone away without the Leg, he was too much the Man of Honour to *run* from his Word, and therefore paid him according to his Promise.

C H A P. X.

Contains a moral Lesson to those who can find it out.

THE next Morning Mr. *Crab* was the first up in the House, and he took no small Pains to raise every Body else. He knocked two or three Times at the Captain's Door, and had been as often in Mrs. *Crab*'s Chamber to hasten her down. At length she sallied forth, and as she saw Mr. *Crab* kicking his Heels, very impatiently, at the Foot of the Stairs, she cried out, Lord, my Dear, what a Noise have you been making all the Morning! one would have thought the House was on Fire. And what is all this Hurry for? I'm sure I long to see my Son as much as you can do, but we shan't get to *Oxford* a Bit the sooner for all this Fuss. As I am a Gentlewoman, you have made my Head ach intolerably. 'I must have some Coffee. Coffee, says Mr. *Crab*, you had better have some hot Wine and an Egg in it with me; that's the best Breakfast to travel upon. My Dear, says Mrs. *Crab*, how can you entertain such mechanical Notions! I vow you put me in Mind of a Country Shopkeeper that goes to *London* in the Stage once a Year, to buy Goods, and all the Way upon the Road, drinks Hot-Pot and Cherry-Brandy with the Coachman. Why, Madam, says Mr.

Crab, for all your *Airs*, there's no Body lives better than Stage-Coachmen.

During this Conversation, the Captain came stumping into the Room. Ay, ay, says he, Master *Crab*, those were happy Days when I was a young Fellow, and used to travel in Stage-Coaches. But we are grown so proud now, that nothing but Post-Chaises and Phaetons will serve our Turns. Will you have Coffee or Tea, Captain, says Mrs. *Crab*? Tea, Madam, says the Captain, Coffee gives me the Heart-burn.

The Tea and Coffee were got ready, and Mr. *Crab* was enjoying his mull'd Wine, when, unfortunately an awkward Maid filling the Tea-Pot with a leaky Kettle, some Drops distilled down the Sides of it upon Mr. *Crab*'s Leg. Zounds and damn it, says he, (starting up an End) you Bitch of *Babylon*, you have scalded me. Run and get me some Oil directly. My Dear, says Mrs. *Crab*, I'm sorry for your Misfortune, but you know the old Proverb says, *I hope your early Rising has done you no Harm*. Now your early Rising has certainly done you no Good. Madam, says the Captain, (with a grave Countenance) this is no laughing Matter. Poor *Robin Baxter*, a Lieutenant in our Regiment, lost his Life by much such an Accident. Indeed! says Mr. *Crab*. It's very true, says the Captain. I remember we were encamped on the Plains of *Minden*, and were ordered to march two hours after this happened, but poor *Robin* was left behind to be carried

ried to the Hospital, where he lingered for about ten Days, in the utmost Agony, till the Mortification came on, and then died. Pray, Captain, says Mr. *Crab*, what kind of Man was this same Lieutenant? Why, he was about your Height, says the Captain, and rather corpulent, like you; he resembled you in another Respect, for he always drank mull'd Wine in a Morning, when he could get it, so that his Blood was in an inflamed State, when the Accident happened.

Zounds, says Mr. *Crab*, if I get over this Bout, I'll forswear hot Wine as long as I live. Pray, Captain, do you think my Life is in Danger? If you do, tell me so, for I have not made my Will. Then, says the Captain, 'tis high Time you did. Lord have Mercy upon me, says Mr. *Crab*. Be not alarmed, says the Captain, for I do not think you are in any Danger; but it is proper every Man should make his Will, because you know we are here To-day and gone To-morrow. Ay! says Mr. *Crab*, we are *here* To-day, but I hope in God we shall be gone before To-morrow from this cursed Town; and if ever I——Hold, Master *Crab*, says the Captain, don't put yourself in a Passion, there's nothing contributes so much to Inflammation; it was thought poor *Robin Baxter* might have got over it, if it had not been for that. My dear Captain, says Mr. *Crab*, I won't speak another Word, if you will but order the Coach to the Door, for I long to get out of this House.

The Coach was ordered accordingly : And Mrs. *Crab* pleased herself with thinking that the Captain's Artifice, in alarming her Husband's Fears, would work a general Amendment in his future Conduct and Behaviour ; and to keep his Apprehension awake, the Captain advised him not to set his Foot to the Ground, but to suffer himself to be carried to the Coach-side between *Cork* and *Thomas*, which they performed with some Difficulty, and the Captain and Mrs. *Crab* closed the Procession, with their Handkerchiefs up to their Faces, not to wipe away their Tears, but to stifle their Laughter.

C H A P. XI.

The Journey to Oxford continued ; and an Episode introduced, which concludes the second Book.

THE Day proving very hot, and our Travellers having risen two or three Hours before their usual Time, they were all three inclined to sleep, which the rocking of the Coach in a sandy Lane, brought about most completely.

How long their Nap might have continued, is uncertain, if Mr. *Crab*, like King *Richard* in the Tent-Scene, had not been disturbed by ugly Dreams. But all at once he cried out, *Zounds ! don't tell me, I'll sooner die than consent to it.*

These

These Words were uttered with such Vehemence, that it instantly waked Mrs. *Crab* and the Captain; who enquiring into the Cause of this Commotion, were answered by Mr. *Crab*, saying, 'blood, I think it was Time to bawl out, when there were two Surgeons standing before me, one with a crooked Knife, and the other with a Saw in his Hand, just going to cut off my Leg. I'm sorry to hear this, says the Captain, shaking his Head, for poor *Robin Baxter* had the self-same Dream the Night before the Mortification came on. The Devil he had! says Mr. *Crab*. Yes, yes, he had, indeed, says the Captain, but what of that, Dreams, you know, are generally contrary: But if it was otherwise, I would engage your Leg would do well, if you will only avoid in your Diet and Discourse every Thing that tends to Inflammation.

In this Manner the Captain often, in the same Breath, flattered and frightened Mr. *Crab* about his Leg, which was highly entertaining to Mrs. *Crab*, who, as the Reader has been told, had always a silent Contempt for her Husband, before her Father died; and since she received her Fortune, like a Man of War, that has taken in her Guns, her Courage increased by her Weight of Metal, which enabled her to act offensively upon every Occasion that offered. This Lady had likewise the Spirit of Contradiction in its utmost Purity and Perfection. It was indeed of the first Water, tho' she seldom shewed this *amiable* Character.

rafter to the Captain, because she frequently stood in Need of his Assistance and Advice, when she had any important Point to carry against her Husband. But whenever she was so unguarded as to treat the Captain no better than she did Mr. *Crab*, he generally made her repent it, by agreeing in Opinion with her, which obliged her to commence Hostilities with herself, if she meant to continue her Dispute.

The Captain was arrived at the narrative Age, and having seen a good deal of the World, he was rarely at a Loss to introduce his Story. He had a large Assortment of them, suitable to every Subject, and so registered in the Table of his Memory, that he could turn to them immediately. For Example, directly opposite to *Scalds* and *Burns*, was placed poor *Robin Baxter*. In the same Line with *unequal Matches*, stood *the old General* and *the Serjeant's Daughter*. By this Kind of Arrangement, the Captain standing Centry, as it were, over his own Works, was always prepared either to return a civil Salute, or an hostile Attack; that is, according to the Adage, he gave every one a *Rowland* for his *Oliver*. But to say the Truth, his Stories were neither long nor circumstantial; and as they arose chiefly from the Incidents that happened to him and his Friends in their Profession, it would have been cruel not to indulge him now and then in a Recital of those military Traits which had enriched his Mind *only* with the Remembrance of them.

This

This Digression would have been unpardonable, if the History had stood still for it ; but as Mr. *Crab's* Coach was kept going on, and the Journey not in the least delayed thereby, we think it very excuseable. For if the Reader will be kind enough to consider and make Allowance for the hot Day, and the sandy Lane, which had rocked our Travellers to Sleep, he will not wonder that the Author should sympathise with them, and nod a little in this place.

The Coach was now passing thro' a short shady Lane, on the left Hand of which ran a small Brook or Rivulet, and on its Banks stood a neat white House, with green Window-Shutters. Ha ! cried the Captain, with a Sigh, that Habitation puts me in Mind of the Widow *Dubois* ; peace be with her, whether she be living or dead, for she was a good Soul. Pray Sir, says Mrs. *Crab*, of what Religion was Mrs. *Dubois* ? If you mean, Madam, says the Captain, whether she was a Catholic or a Protestant, I can't answer you, but she was certainly of the best Religion in the World, or she could never have behav'd as she did upon a particular Occasion. What might that be, Sir, says Mrs. *Crab* ? I'll tell you Madam, says the Captain. It was when our Army was encamp'd along the Banks of the *Wefer*, that the Commander in Chief sent one of his Aid de Camps, with Orders to all the different Colonels of the Regiments under his Command ; and as our Camp was extended to the Distance of

five Miles at least, from one Extremity to the other, the Aid de Camp lost his Way, and unfortunately fell in with a reconnoitring Party of the Enemy, before he was aware of it. He was immediately called upon to surrender himself a Prisoner; but as he was sensible that the Orders he had about him, would make a Discovery of our General's Intentions to the Enemy, he determined to lose his Life, rather than be taken; and when an Officer rode up towards him, to receive his Submission, he drew a Pistol and shot him thro' the Head. He was directly pursued by a Party of light Horse, but the Fleetness of an English Hunter and the sudden shutting in of the Day, soon made him invisible to his Pursuers. When he found himself clear of his Enemies, he began to think where he should take up his Quarters that Night. It was by this Time totally dark; not a single Ray of Light from either Moon or Stars appear'd to direct him in his Way; and to mend his Situation, he had all the Reason in the World to suppose that he was then in a Part of the Country that was possess'd by the Enemy. With these uncomfortable Reflections about him, he at length resolved to give up his own Judgment (as many benighted Travellers have done before him with Success) to that of his Horse, who after many a weary Step, brought him within Sight of an Object, which at last turn'd out to be a white House with green Shutters. Our Aid de Camp dismounted, and leading his Horse towards the Rails, that surrounded the Court

Court Yard, he hollow'd two or three Times, when a Swiss Porter made his Appearance with a Candle in his Hand, and enquired what was his Business there at that untimely Hour. The Aid de Camp told him he was an Officer who had lost his Way, and beg'd to be receiv'd into their House, or to be directed where he might pass the Night in Safety. The Porter went back into the House, and presently returning, open'd the Gate, and desired the Officer to walk in. He did so, and as he follow'd the Porter up to the House, he took that Opportunity to ask who was the Possessor of it, when he was answered, Captain *Dubois*. The Name of *Dubois* did not sound very agreeably in the Ears of our Aid de Camp. He knew it was French; and he concluded that an English Officer would not be a very welcome Guest to a French one, at a Time when the two Nations were at War with each other. However he trusted that the natural Politeness of the French would not suffer them to treat even an Enemy with Incivility. When he was shewed into the Room, he was received by a Lady sitting on a Sopha, with a Table before her, on which was a Book and two Wax Tapers. Mrs. *Dubois* was neither young nor handsome, but she had a certain Sensibility of Countenance, and an affable Manner in her Behaviour, which seldom fails to captivate at a Time of Life when Beauty is no more. It was this Kind of Frankness in Mrs. *Dubois's* Conversation that induced the Aid de Camp to give her a true Detail of his Evening's

Expedition, without secreting from her the Duty he had been upon, or the Circumstance of his having killed the Officer, who came to take him Prisoner. In Return, Mrs. *Dubois* as ingenuously told him the most interesting Particulars of her Life, from which he gather'd that she had been the rich Widow of a German Gentleman, and was lately married to Mr. *Dubois*, a Captain in the French Service. When the Night was so far advanc'd, that it was thought necessary for the Aid de Camp to retire to his Bed-Chamber, Mrs. *Dubois* took her Leave, assuring him that one of her Servants should be ready as early as he pleas'd in the Morning, to conduct him into the Road that led to the English Camp. With a thousand Expressions of Gratitude for all Favours, he wish'd her a good Night, which he could not procure for himself. He no sooner laid his Head upon his Pillow, but a thousand disagreeable Ideas crouded upon his Imagination. He was distracted with thinking what Confusion must have been occasioned in the Army, by the Orders not being deliver'd according to the General's Intentions. He saw before his Eyes a Regiment in full march, to take possession of that Ground, which the Corps that occupied it had no Orders to quit. In another Part of the Camp a Bataillon was wheeling off to the Right, that should have advanced to support the Column in the Centre. But what gave him the most real Concern (tho' the Action itself was commendable, being done for the Good of the Service) was the
Death

Death of the Officer, whose Widow appeared to him at the Bed's Foot, with all the Distraction in her Countenance, which so calamitous a Disaster might be supposed to create. In this Agitation of Mind he remained till it was Day-light, when he heard two small Raps at his Chamber Door, which, like the tolling of the Bell in *Venice Preserv'd*, seem'd to summons him to immediate Execution. It was with some Difficulty that he said *Come in*. It proved to be Mrs. *Dubois's* Maid, who came to tell him that her Mistress beg'd to see him for a Moment before he left the House. He hurried on his Cloaths and went directly to Mrs. *Dubois*, whom he found wringing her Hands and tearing her Hair, in an Agony of Grief. When her Burst of Passion was over, our Aid de Camp expressed the utmost Concern at seeing her in so distressful a Situation, and offered to serve her with his Life and Fortune. I want neither, Sir, says she, tho' you are the innocent Author of all my Sorrow; and tho' you have destroyed my Peace of Mind for ever; yet as you did but your Duty, I must forgive you. Read that fatal Scroll (giving him a Letter) then fly my Sight for ever. The Aid de Camp devoured, as it were, the Paper with his Eyes, and read with extreme Horror, a very precise and particular Account of his killing her Husband, Captain *Dubois*. The Letter fell from his Hands, and he attempted to speak; which she prevented by waving her Hand as a Signal for his Departure, and he obey'd. He found a Servant waiting at the Gate, to attend him

him on his Way. He mounted his Horse with a Sigh, and following his Guide, he arriv'd in a few Hours at the English Camp, sick of himself and weary of the World.

Just as the Captain had finished his Story, *George* the Coachman stopt his Horses, and called out to his Master to know what Inn he would please to go to. Drive us any where but to the Red Lion, says Mr. *Crab*, stroking his scalded Leg at the same Time. It seems they were arrived at *Birmingham*, and *George* being left at Liberty to go where he liked best, carried them to the King's-Head; because the Ostler was his old Acquaintance. Here Mr. *Crab* settled all Accounts with his Partner, and examined his Leg, which, to his great Joy, he found perfectly skinned over and healed. The next Morning they set off for *Oxford*, and they got there the same Evening, without any Accident or Disappointment whatsoever.

BOOK THE THIRD.

C H A P. I.

The Greeting between Mr. Crab, &c. and Mr. Christopher Crab, with several other curious Particulars.

WHEN the Coach stopped at the Angel in Oxford, Mr. Christopher Crab, who had been waiting two Hours for their Arrival, ran out into the Street to receive them, and opened the Coach-Door himself. At Sight of his Father and Mother, from whom he had been so long separated, a crimson Current from the Heart rushed into his Countenance, as if eager to rejoin the Fountain from whence it came. And when the Captain called out, *my dear Kit, I'm glad to see thee*, a pearly Drop stole from each Eye so silently along, one would have sworn they were ashamed of being seen. My dear Boy, says the Captain to young Mr. Crab, who was helping him out of the Coach, fair and softly, if you please; don't be in a Hurry; I have lost one Leg since we set out already, and your Father there had like to have lost another; but thank God we are both upon a tolerable Footing again now, and I would willingly keep so. I am very glad to hear all is right again, says young

young Mr. *Crab*, but pray how happened it? Why, says the Captain, my Leg was broke by the Overturn of the Coach, and your Father's Leg was scalded by a leaky Tea-Kettle, which your mother and I persuaded him might be attended with Danger, if he did not live abstemiously, and avoid all Violence of Temper, hoping, by this Alarm, to cure him of those Excesses, to which, you know, he is but too subject. He will consult you about it as a Physician; and I hope you will, like all other Physicians who are called into Consultation, agree perfectly in Opinion with those who were first concerned. I shall, certainly, says young Mr. *Crab*, for the Reasons you have given, but not to countenance the illiberal Notion which some People entertain of the Faculty; That they will sooner let their Patient suffer, than differ in Opinion among themselves. That's right, my Boy, says the Captain, I am glad to find thee an Advocate for Mankind, for I verily believe that these People who are the readiest to censure the World, do it, for the most Part, from the Evidence of their own Consciences.

By this time Mr. *Crab* had ordered a Negus to wash the Dust out of his Throat, and was talking with the Landlord about Supper, when the Captain and young Mr. *Crab* came into the Room. The Landlord recommended some stew'd Eels, a Couple of Fowls roasted, with *Oxford* Sauages; a Dish of green Peas, and a Currant Tart. Ay, says Mr. *Crab*, I think that will do
very

very well. What do you say, Captain? How do you like the Bill of Fare, *Son Kit*? Why, Sir, says Mr. *Christopher*, I hear you have had an Accident with your Leg; I am afraid therefore this Supper would be too strong for you. Eels are inflammatory, and Sausages bilious. I think a boiled Chicken, with Parsley and Butter, would not be amiss; the Peas and Tart there can be no Objection to. For my Part, I eat no Suppers. Not eat Suppers, says Mr. *Crab*; Zounds! I would not give up Suppers to be made-Member of Parliament for this City. When I was in Business, I used to think of nothing else all the Afternoon, and longed to have the Shop shut—Here Mrs. *Crab* put her Hand before Mr. *Crab*'s Mouth, and bade the Landlord withdraw 'till they rung the Bell. When he was gone, Mrs. *Crab* went on with, Mr. *Crab*, will you never learn how to behave yourself? Methinks if you have no Regard to your own Reputation, you might have some little for mine. As I am a Gentlewoman, you might as well have continued selling Baize and Bee's Wax still, if every Body is to know that you were once a Shop-keeper. What will the World think of you? I don't care, Madam, says Mr. *Crab*, what the World thinks of me, so that I live as I like. *Son Kit*, tho' you have been studying Physic, I am not obliged to follow your Prescriptions. Here I have been starving myself these two Days, on Account of my Leg, but I am determined to make up for it to Night.

Mr.

Mr. *Crab* was as good as his Word. He ordered Supper directly, and when it was ready, he gave a convincing Proof of an excellent Appetite, and then fell fast asleep in his Chair. Mrs. *Crab*, being somewhat fatigued with her Journey, did not suffer him to enjoy his Repose long. She waked him, and begged him to go to Bed, which he, with some Reluctance, for Want of his Pipe, complied with, and they retired, leaving the Captain and Mr. *Christopher* in quiet Possession of each other.

Well, *Kit*, says the Captain, how goes your Affair on with *Sophia*? O Sir, says Mr. *Christopher*, 'tis all over; she's gone, lost for ever, I am afraid. How do you mean, Man? says the Captain? a virtuous Woman, like a well fortified Town, should never be given over for lost, 'till you hear she capitulates. And if I might judge of her from your Letters, she is likely to hold out a long Time against a powerful Enemy. Sir, you mistake me quite, says Mr. *Christopher*. Her Virtues are impregnable, and she is all Excellence. You saw, I suppose, the Death of the Dean, her Father, in the News-Papers? Nô, says the Captain, I did not, it escaped me. Well, says Mr. *Christopher*, he died about six Weeks ago. You know his Preferment in the Church was large, which enabled him to live in a very genteel Manner, and to save (if he had thought fit) an ample Provision for his Wife and this only Child; but such was the Liberality and Charity of the good Man in his Life-Time, that
he

he has left behind him a very scanty Portion, for the Support of his disconsolate Widow and the amiable *Sophia*. In short, when all his Effects are disposed of, the Amount, as I am informed, will not exceed three thousand Pounds.

And so, says the Captain, because your Mistress's Fortune does not turn out what was expected, you have quitted her, like a prudent Man. Is that the Way you blow your Match, Friend *Kit*? No, Sir, says Mr. *Christopher*, you misapprehend me still. As the large Fortune, which the World supposed *Sophia* would enjoy, was no inducement to my liking her, neither does the Want of it lessen my Esteem for her. On the the contrary, I was pleased, by Heavens, I rejoiced when I heard how little her Father died possessed of, because I thought it would furnish me with an Opportunity of shewing her the Disinterestedness of my Passion. Well, says the Captain, and what hinders you? How is she lost? If she gave you Encouragement in her Days of Prosperity, how can you imagine she will refuse you, when the World frowns upon her? Sir, says Mr. *Christopher*, I see you are not aware of *Sophia's* Delicacy, but if you will take the Trouble to read that, (giving the Captain a Letter) you will understand the Cause of my present Unhappiness. The Captain took the Letter and read as follows.

Sir,

Sir,

The Loss of so indulgent a Father needed no additional Distress to make me miserable. He did not discover to us any Circumstance of his Affairs, till he found himself approaching towards his End, when he expressed the bitterest Sorrow for what was to become of us, and wished only to recover, that he might have it in his Power to leave us in a more comfortable Situation. Custom and the Prejudice of Education, make us ashamed of Poverty, even when it is not brought upon us by our own Misconduct. My Mother has taken her Part accordingly; she has pitched upon a Spot for our future Residence, at a great Distance from this Metropolis, and from every Friend we have in the World. We set out To-morrow Morning; but whither (strange as it may appear to you) I really know not. My Mother has, besides keeping the Place of our Destination a Secret from me, enjoined me never, after this Day, to correspond with any one. 'Tis hard, Sir, 'tis very humiliating, for a Person like me, brought up in all the Refinements of polite Life, so suddenly to accommodate herself to the Society of a rustic and (for aught I know) a savage People. My Mother says, we should all, at one Time or other, have a Taste of Adversity, and that it cannot happen better, than at the Eve of Life, to make us quit this World without Regret. This
I be-

I believe to to be very true, but still at my Age, human Nature will rebel against the Dictates of Reason; and I confess to you, that at this Moment, my Heart recoils at parting with the common Recreations of the World. What then must I suffer at being separated, perhaps for ever, from the only Man in the World that is not indifferent to me! Yes, Sir, as it is probable we shall never meet again, I think I may, without incurring the Censure of the strictest Modesty, acknowledge a Passion for you; and my Mother ought to estimate my Duty to her, by the Sacrifice I make in obeying her Commands. Adieu, dear Sir, Pity, if you should cease to love, but never totally forget, your faithful

Sophia Garland.

Well, Sir, says Mr. *Christopher*, what do you think of that, Sir? Think, says the Captain, (blowing his Nose, to drain off the Moisture of his Eyes that Way) think, a Pox on it, Friend *Kit*, I wish you had not began the Subject To-night, because it hurts one's Rest; I warrant you I shan't get this excellent Creature out of my Head all this Night long. But come, it grows late; we must away to Bed, my Boy.

Mr. *Christopher* then wished the Captain a good Night, and departed for his Rooms in *Christ-Church* College.

C H A P II.

The Captain is put in mind of a Story—Some Remarks upon it, gives Rise to a Debate, which had like to have ended seriously—Mr. Crab determines to return to North-Wales.

THE next and the two succeeding Mornings were spent in visiting the stately Colleges of this famous Ueiversity.

They dined at *Christ-Church*, *King's* and *Brazen-Nose* Colleges. This last put the Captain in Mind of an old Acquaintance. Poor *Dick Starewell*, says he was of this College, till he entered into Priest's Orders, and then he changed his Condition for an Ensigncy in our Regiment. *Dick* had a handsome Leg, and that Sort of confident Carriage, which naturally attracts your Notice. In walking, he had a Way of rising upon his Toes to make him appear more important ; and when he took Snuff, he did it as if he was saluting his commanding Officer, by extending his Arm to its full Length, and then returning it in a circular Manner to his Nose, which was gradually inclined to meet his Hand half Way. He made it a Rule to pay his court to every Woman of Fortune that fell in his Way ; and though the Repulses he met with were innumerable, he had, at last, the Address to conquer the Heart of a little crooked Body, with

with a great deal of Money. This Lady he married, and might have lived very happily with her, but for an untoward Accident. It seems, that about a Year before, when we were quartered at *Basingstoke*, *Dick* fell in Love himself, for the first Time, with *Suky Trippit*, an Inn-keeper's Daughter, in that Town, and privately married her. Upon our leaving those Quarters, which was soon afterwards, he promised to remit her Money from Time to Time, if she would keep their Marriage a Secret; but some how or other, he did not keep his Word with her, and therefore when she heard he had got another Wife, she set out for *London* immediately, and presented herself before him and Mrs. *Starewell*. There was no standing this. It was necessary he should decamp directly, for Fear of being laid by the Heels; so he changed with an Officer who was going to join his Corps at *Minorca*, where he arrived safe and sound, but died four Months after of the Flux, by drinking new Wine to drown Care.

While the Captain was telling his Story, Mr. *Crab* indulg'd himself with a Pipe of Tobacco, which he obtain'd thro' the Gentleman, at whose Invitation they dined in College; tho' Mrs. *Crab* declared she suffered no such beastly Doings in her House. When the Captain had done, Ay, says Mr. *Crab*, taking the Pipe from his Mouth, I'm sorry, methinks, for poor *Dick Starewell*. Good God, says Mrs. *Crab*, (already provoked by Mr. *Crab's* smoaking) how can you talk so,
my

my Dear? As I am a Gentlewoman, I should not be surprized to find you an Advocate for Murder, at this Rate. No, Madam, says Mr. *Crab*, I only think it was a Pity that *Suky Trippit* had not died before she heard of the second Marriage. It would have prevented a great deal of Mischief, and the poor Woman would have been provided for. What say you, Son *Kit*? I warrant you that knows the Ways of *London*, don't look upon this Action of *Dick Starewell* to be so very criminal. Indeed, Sir, says Mr. *Christopher*, you are much mistaken. I think Bigamy should be punished with the utmost Severity; because the Man who robs two women of their Happiness, merely to gratify his Lust and his Avarice, which was this Gentleman's Case, is infinitely more culpable than he who takes your Purse, to supply the Necessities of Life. Nor can I suppose our Sovereign sustained any Loss by the Death of such an Officer. For he who had not Resolution enough to oppose those unwarrantable Passions, would scarcely have Courage enough to face the Enemies of his Country. Right, right, my Boy, says the Captain, (clapping Mr. *Christopher* upon the Shoulder) to be sure *Dick* was not over brave. He had once an Opportunity of signalizing himself as his Brothers Officers did, if he had not been seized with an Ague, which obliged him to retire very precipitately, just as the Engagement began. But the shivering ceas'd when the Battle was over, and the Fit never returned, tho' he did not take the Bark to prevent it.

You

You may say what you please, says Mr. *Crab*, (looking full at Mrs. *Crab*) but I don't think any of us are better than *we should be*. It happened at that Instant, Mrs. *Crab's* Eyes were fixt upon Mr. *Smith*, the young Gentleman who entertained them at his Rooms; so that Mr. *Crab's* sarcastic Hint passed unheeded by his Wife, and, like a glancing Arrow, struck Mr. *Smith* very forcibly. Not that Mr. *Smith* supposed it was aimed at him; but having early imbibed the Principles of a Free-thinker from his Tutor, and being naturally fond of Disputation, he let no Opportunity slip, whereby he might shew his Parts, in exposing the Errors and Absurdities of the Christian Religion; and Mr. *Crab's* trite Observation that, *We are none of us better than we should be*, furnished him with a proper Subject to display his Rhetoric upon. He endeavoured to prove, that Mankind cannot be better or worse than they are created. That every Man is virtuous or vicious, according to the Passions and Inclinations he is endued with by Providence. That the Works of Evil-doers are as acceptable in the Eyes of God, as the Actions of the best Men; for Vice would not be permitted in the World, if it were not to answer some wise Purposes, though our Understandings are too shallow to fathom or find them out. And surely it would be impious (said he) to suppose that God, who is all Goodness, will punish his Agent for having
executed

executed faithfully the Commission he was charged with.

With such Kind of sophistical Reasoning did our young *Oxonian* harangue the Company; which, tho' it had not Truth for its Foundation, was managed with so much Art and Plausibility as would have staggered the Minds of weak People, unacquainted with the Trick of logical Argument. But Mr. *Christopher Crab*, being as good a Casuist as Mr. *Smith*, and having a better Cause to defend, answered him so clearly, and demonstrated with such Precision the Futility of his Adversary's Doctrine, that Mr. *Smith* lost all Temper. He flew in a Passion, and made use of Language that Mr. *Christopher* would have resented in another Manner, if the Captain, who acted the Part of Moderator through Life, had not prevented it.

He stood up between the two Combatants, and, taking out his Snuff-Box with great Coolness, said, Gentlemen, I have heard you both very patiently, as long as you contained yourselves within the Rules of good Breeding; but it is high Time to interpose. And let me tell you, Sir, (looking at Mr. *Smith*) it is not very decent in any Man, much less in a Member of this University, to rail at the Religion of the Country he lives in. I am old enough to be your Father, and I hope I have not spent my Time so ill that I want to be instructed by a Boy in so material a Point as that on which my future Salvation depends. That honest Man, (pointing to Mr. *Crab*)

Crab) whom you have talked to Sleep, is much better employed at this Moment, be his Dreams ever so shocking, than in listening to your horrid Discourse. However, I forgive you the Affront offered to my Understanding. You are a young Man, and may behave better when you have seen more of the World.

Mr. *Crab* waking presently afterwards, they took their Leave of Mr. *Smtib*, and returned to the Angel-Inn, where Mr. *Crab* determined to set out for *North Wales* the next Morning.

C H A P. III.

Contains some Advice to Authors, which will not be followed, and an Apology for Digression, which may not be understood.

WHILE the Family are supping at Angel-Inn, and the Captain employed in repeating to Mr. *Crab* the Conversation that passed at Mr. *Smith's* Rooms, during Mr. *Crab's* sweet Repose, I will beg Leave to say a few Words in Favour of those Authors who have been *guilty* (as the Critics call it) of digressing or departing from the Subject, contrary to the established Rules of the best ancient and modern Writers.

As I am not conscious of having hitherto transgressed in this Point, I presume it will not be supposed that what I am going to say, is meant as an Apology for myself; tho' I must

confess, that many Things related in this true History, appear more like the Work of Invention than Matter of Fact. But this will be presently obviated, if the candid Reader, be he who he will, except he was born and brought up in (and never brought out of) a Coal-Pit, Lead-Mine, &c. and by that Kind of subterranean existence, has been deprived of all Intercourse with his Fellow-Creatures by Day-Light. I say, let any Reader, (excepting as before excepted) look back upon and examine well the Transactions of his own Life, and he will find therein a greater Variety of Incidents, more natural, and therefore more interesting, than are to be met with in any of the favourite Novels of this or any other Age. But it is very much to be lamented, that few, if any, of the Biographers, who have published their own Lives, have had Honesty enough to tell *the whole Truth, and nothing but the Truth*. The generality of them write to blazon forth their public Actions, or to vindicate their private conduct that was publicly suspected. Vanity is the first Mover, and Ostentation appears in every Line. Those Anecdotes wherein his Character would suffer by the Relation, tho' perhaps the most entertaining and useful Parts of his Memoirs, are most carefully omitted. And thus, instead of the genuine History of *John*——, we are furnished with a nauseous self-sufficient Narrative, which, if the naked Truth had been ingeniously told, would have made an acceptable Present to the Public.

I am aware that this Argument may be turned against me, by asking why I did not write my *own* Life? To which I answer, that having been connected with the *Crab-Family* from my Cradle (being myself a *Crab* by the Mother's Side) I am as well acquainted with every fortunate Event or cross Accident, that has befallen them, as I am with what has happened to myself. And as I pretend to no Superiority in the Command of my Passions, nor affect to have less Vanity than my Neighbours, I should most probably, in painting my own Character, be guilty of that Partiality I have been blaming in others.

In respect to Digression, I am inclined to think, that many Authors have been charged, by indifferent Judges, with wandering from their principal Design, very undeservedly. For it is to be observed, that when you have a crooked Subject to manage, it is no more in your Power to go on in one strait Line, than it is possible for a Hog-driver to keep the same Path*. The Pig will go his own Way, and the Fellow must follow him thro' thick and thin, or he will be in Danger of losing the Animal. Thus it must fare with every Historian, be his Hero ever so great, if he means to delineate his *real* Character in all its minute Parts. The Truth on't is, that We have all more of the Animal in us than we are
F 2 willing

* See TRISTRAM SHANDY, and ot

willing to allow. If any one doubts this, let him pitch upon the Person whose Actions he would chuse to imitate, and follow him step by step for a Year, a Month, or even a Week ; and then let him declare, if he can, that he is less fatigued with his Journey than the Hog-driver before mentioned.

From hence I draw this seemingly paradoxical Conclusion ; That every Author, who endeavours to paint a *perfect* Character, and conducts him thro' every Scene of Life, like a Rope-dancer, upon one direct Line, *digresses* from the Road of human Nature ; and his Work, however *intitl'd* or *call'd*, should be treated altogether as a Fiction.

C H A P. IV.

Mr. Crab's Return to North-Wales altered to a Journey to London, which occasions some Family Disputes.

MR. Crab had determined, as had been mention'd in the last Chapter but one, to set out for *North Wales* the next Morning ; but Mrs. Crab had determined far otherwise. She had resolved when she left Home, not to return without visiting that dear delightful Place *London*.

Having got the Captain and Mr. *Christopher* on her Side, she indulg'd Mr. Crab with bespeak-
ing

ing Supper ; and instead of finding Fault, according to Custom, she approved of every Thing he had ordered, and commended the Delicacy of his Taste. All Supper-Time she took Care to help him plentifully to what she knew he was most fond of, and when the Cloth was removed, she filled a Pipe of Tobacco with her own Hands, and presented to him in the most courteous Manner imaginable. Sure never mortal Man was happier than Mr. *Crab* at this Moment ! nor could the united Flavours of the best *Virginia*, the fam'd *Necotian*, or the true *Trinidado*, furnish a more exquisite Relish than did this present Pipe of Tobacco. It sweetened the natural Acidity of his Countenance, and his Eyes were half closed with the Extacy of his Feelings. But this Happiness was too great to be of long Continuance.

Before Mr. *Crab* had got into the Marrow of his Pipe (which, by the by, is so indefinite an Expression, that those who use it, have not agreed among themselves whether it means the Beginning, Middle or latter End) I shall therefore explain myself, by saying that Mr. *Crab* had scarcely smok'd half his Pipe out, when Mrs. *Crab*, throwing her right Hand carelessly upon his Left, said, in a wheedling Tone of Voice, My Dear, what if we were to set out for *London* to-morrow Morning, instead of going back into the Country. Zounds ! Madam, says Mr. *Crab*——down drop'd his Pipe (like the Urinal from the Hands of *Abel Drugger*, in

the *Alchymist*) and all his ideal Joys vanished in a *Whiff*.

Here a Doubt arises in my Mind, which I must beg Leave to lay before the Reader for his Consideration, before I proceed a Step further. Mrs. *Crab*'s unusual Kindness and Civility, had rounded the Muscles of Mr. *Crab*'s Face, so as to make him appear quite another Man : And the unexpected Proposal to go to *London* (like Hart's-Horn applied to the Nose of one in a Fit) instantaneously brought him to himself again. *Quære*, Whether Mr. *Crab* shew'd to more Advantage whilst he remained in that joyous Delirium, or when he recovered his natural Severity of Countenance ? For my own Part, tho' no Body is better pleased to see People in good Humour than myself, I am, nevertheless, so great an Admirer of simple and unsophistical Nature, that I own I like Mr. *Crab* best without Adulteration. His Constitution cannot be mended by Alteratives. Sweetners might make him insipid for a certain Time, but when the Fermentation is over, he would be more acid than he was before.

Much might, and indeed has been said and written upon the Subject of *Acids* and *Alcalies*, but whether the World is the wiser or not, for their elaborate Discourses, I shall leave to be determin'd by the *Royal*, *Robin-Hood*, or any other of the learned Societies in *London* and *Westminster* ; while I pursue my History peaceably and quietly.

Zounds!

Zounds! Madam, says Mr. *Crab*, what the Plague do you mean? Do you think I am made of Money? This Jaunt has cost me a pretty Penny already? I say, go to *London* truly. Nay, my Dear, answered Mrs. *Crab*, I only thought, as you had never seen the great Metropolis, and was now within a Day's Journey of it, that you would be sorry afterwards you had not taken this Opportunity, which was my only Reason for putting you in Mind of it. Why, replied Mr. *Crab*, What's to be seen but Men, Women and Houses? which we see every where else. 'Tis true, Sir, says Mr. *Christopher*, Men, Women and Houses are common enough every where, but not such as we are to meet with in *London*; for the Women of Rank have two Heads, one above another, with only one Face: And the Men of Fashion, or rather the fashionable Men, are all Face without any Head at all; those Parts, which are in other People the Receptacles for the Brains, &c. are nothing but Papier Machiè, plaistered over with perfumed Powder and Orange Pomatum. I assure you, Sir, my Account is not exaggerated, like the Portraits of wild Beasts, by way of exciting your Curiosity to see them. These and many other Originals would far exceed any Description I can give of them. But whether you will think it worth your while to go fifty Miles out of your Way, to have ocular Demonstration, must be left to your own Consideration; my Mother,

the Captain and myself having been at *London*, can have no other Inducement for going thither again, but the Pleasure of bearing you Company. Ay, ay, says the Captain, that same *London* is a curious Place. There's always some great Topic for Conversation—Some new Author, devoted by his Poverty to be dissected ; or some new Play, happily protected by a Peer, to be applauded. The May-pole is up there all the Year through, and the People daily dance round it.

The seeming Indifference, which the Captain and Mr. *Christopher* shew'd about going to *London*, operated upon Mr. *Crab* as they expected. He sat musing for some Minutes, divided between his Avarice and his Curiosity. At length the latter prevailed. Methinks, says he, I should like to have a Peep at those Paper-skull'd Fellows that my Son talks of. What do you say to it, Madam ? (to Mrs. *Crab*,) Why, my Dear, says Mrs. *Crab*, it depends intirely upon your own Inclination ; I beg to be left out of the Question. You know the Expence will be ——— Damn the Expence, says Mr. *Crab*, angrily ; I am resolv'd to go. And go they did, as will be seen in the next Chapter.

C H A P. V.

A Letter from Mr. Smith, puts Part of the Company into a Consternation, which however ends happily—The Family arrives in London.

'TWAS now *the very witching Time of Night*, as *Shakespear* has it—or as a more modern but less meaning Author expresses it—*'Twas at the silent midnight Hour—*Or as the *London Watchmen* cry it, *Past twelve o'Clock*; and our Friends at the *Angel-Inn* were just retiring to their separate Apartments, when the Waiter brought in a Letter, directed for Mr. *Crab*, junior; which, he said, came from Mr. *Smith*, of *Brazen-Nose College*. Young Mr. *Crab* took the Letter, and being informed it required no Answer, put it into his Pocket unopened; but the Colour of his Countenance shewed plainly that he guess'd, from the high Words which had passed between them a few Hours before, what might be the Contents of the Letter. This did not escape the Notice of the Captain, who, like old *Mentor*, ever watchful over his beloved *Telemachus*, insisted upon having the Letter read. Mr. *Christopher* excused himself as handsomely as he could, for a long Time, but being hard pressed on all Sides, he was at last, tho' very unwillingly obliged to comply with their Request.

And now, Reader if thou art possessed of the least Spark of true Honour, and hast ever been in the like Circumstance, (not otherwise) thou may'st possibly picture to thyself the anxious Feelings that pass'd in young Mr. *Crab's* Mind from the Moment he received the Letter to the Time of his opening it. He had no Doubt but it was a Challenge : And he was as certain that the Fears of a fond Mother would be alone sufficient to prevent his acquitting himself upon that Occasion like a Gentleman : And that his sudden departure from *Oxford* under the Protection of his Friends, would be constru'd by the World into a precipitate Flight, and downright Cowardice.

In this humiliating Situation was Mr. *Christopher Crab*, when he drew reluctantly Mr. *Smith's* Letter from his Pocket, and read as follows.

‘ My dear *Kit*,

‘ Suffer me still to address you in this affectionate Manner, notwithstanding the Conversation that pass'd between us this Afternoon. I am
 ‘ more than ashamed, I am half distracted when
 ‘ I think of it ; tho’ I have Reason to rejoice
 ‘ that it happen'd, since it has led me into the
 ‘ Way of Truth. Your Arguments convinc'd me
 ‘ when you delivered them ; but my Pride would
 ‘ not let me own it. What Monsters it makes us !
 ‘ I write this from my Bed, where I cannot close
 ‘ my Eyes 'till I have fully Acknowledged my
 ‘ sincere Conversion. I know your Heart too
 ‘ well to doubt your being pleas'd with this Confession ;

‘ fession ; and I hope both you and the good old
 ‘ Captain, whose Reproaches stung me to the
 ‘ quick, have Charity enough to forgive the im-
 ‘ pertinence (not to call it by a worse Name) of
 ‘ my behaviour. I am unhappy in the Thoughts
 ‘ of your leaving us to-morrow---perhaps we may
 ‘ never meet again—if we should, I promise ne-
 ‘ ver to contradict you more, unless you should
 ‘ be so provoking as to deny me the Privilege of
 ‘ calling myself your affectionate Friend,

Richard Smith.’

The reading of this Letter brought Tears into the Eyes of young Mr. *Crab*, and the Captain declared he felt more Joy in being concerned in the conquest over Mr. *Smith*’s Prejudices, than he ever did at the Head of his own Company.

Mr. *Crab* gave no Attention to the Letter. His Thoughts were wholly taken up with calculating the Difference of the Expence between going directly to *North Wales*, and making *London* in their Way down : But he did not take into his Account Mrs. *Crab*’s Inventory of Silks, Ribbons, Head-dresses, &c. &c. which she was at that Instant meditating the Purchase of, to make a Figure in the Country.

The next Morning they all set off in high Spirits, and arrived the same Evening at the Blue Boar in *Holborn*.

C H A P.

C H A P. VI.

The Necessity for leaving Novel-Writers unconfin'd by dramattick Rules—Mr. Crab makes a bad beginning in London—The Expression of the Passions, by the Eyes, controverted.

HOW fortunate it is for us Historians, or, to take it a Peg lower, for us Life-writers, that no modern *Aristotle* has stepped forth, and laid down Rules for the Conduct of History, like the Unities of Action, Time, and Place, prescribed by the Ancients to all dramatic Writers. [I hug myself when I think of it :] for here have I employed ten Chapters in bringing Mr. Crab's Family from *North Wales*, to *Oxford*, which is but three Days Journey ; and immediately afterwards I whisk them up from thence to *London* in about two Lines and half. Indeed I might say, in Vindication of myself, that nothing material occur'd between *Oxford* and *London* : But this would not have excused me. A true Critick would have insisted upon it, that I had violated the Unities in a most shameful Manner, by not allotting Business to the last Day, in Proportion to the three preceeding ones. I say, if his Godship *Apollo*, with the Advice of his Privy Council, had taken it into his Head to publish a Proclamation, ordering and commanding all his Subjects of *Parnassus* strictly to conform to the said Unities, we should have been in the same Situation with

with those Merchants who trade in a Commodity on which a Duty is laid equal to a Prohibition. This must necessarily bring on a general Bankruptcy among the Wits, and not one in twenty of them would be able to obtain his Certificate. But, as there is no legal Restriction of this kind, we are left at Liberty to make what Use we please of our Materials. So I shall e'en jog on my own Way, as long as I do not offend against the *Magna Charta* of *Parnassus*.

When the Family were shewn into a Room at the Blue-Boar, the first Thing Mr. *Crab* did, was to call for a Mug of Ale to wash the Dust out of his Throat; and the Waiter presently usher'd in a Pot of Porter froth'd three Inches above the Brim. Ay, says Mr. *Crab*, this looks something like. Then eagerly seiz'd it by the Handle, he puts it to his Mouth, as if he meant to drink it up at a Draught: But before he had taken two Gulps, he set it down, and with a distorted Countenance cry'd, Zounds! this is Certainly the same sort of Stuff that *Trundle* used to give me to create an Appetite. I hope it is not Poison. No, no, says the Captain (laughing) they say it is very wholesome. So it ought, says Mr. *Crab*, for I'm sure its plaguy nasty; however, I'll have some Brandy and Water, to take the Taste out of my Mouth. Which he accordingly had.

The next Thing to be considered, was, what Stay they should make in Town, and how they should

should employ their Time to the most Advantage. To settle these Matters, a Council was called, and Mr. *Crab* as President spoke first. I think, says he, three Days will be long enough in all Conscience, to answer all our Purposes. We can see the Tower one Morning, the Wax-work another, and *Westminster-Abbey* the third: and in the three Evenings we can go to the Play, *Vaux-Hall*, and *Sadler's-Wells*; and that's all that's worth seeing. Indeed, my Dear, says Mrs. *Crab*, you have allowed us but a very scanty Pattern. You should recollect that I was brought up in *London*, and consequently have many Friends here whom I must visit before I leave Town: But if you are determined to be gone soon, I insist upon having the Coach every Day till Dinner, to pay Visits in, while you go to see those vulgar Sights, the Tower, Wax-work, and *Westminster-Abbey*. I'm afraid, Sir, says Mr. *Christopher*, you'll be disappointed about the Playhouses, for they don't, act at this Time of the Year. The Devil the don't, says Mr. *Crab*! If I had known that before, I would not have come: I set my Heart upon seeing *Garrick*. Ay! says the Captain, it's a Pity; that Actor is worth going fifty Miles to see. What an Eye he has! What do you Mean, Captain? says Mr. *Christopher*, he has very good Eyes, to be sure; but do you think he makes any other use of them besides seeing? Certainly, answered the Captain, the Eye is the Index of the Soul, and expresses every Passion of
the

the Mind. I know, replied Mr. *Christopher*, it has been deem'd so, even by many Writers of good Repute; but I believe, upon an accurate Examination, it will not be found to possess the Powers which have been attributed to it. The Eye may be directed sideways, downwards, upwards, or strait forwards. But the Pupil is incapable of any other Alteration than that of dilating and contracting, which is always in an adequate Proportion to the Distance of the Object beheld. The Eyes are the mere Vehicles of those involuntary Tears produced by the united Force of the Muscles. In the Exhibition of Joy, Rage, Terror, and Despair, the Eyes are totally unconcerned, and the same Thing may be asserted of all the other Passions. If it is insisted on that Tears are an evident Sign of Grief, I say, not without they are accompanied by a sorrowful Countenance; for Onions, Mustard, Horse-red-dish, &c. will frequently force that Fluid from the Eyes, when the Face is most risibly disposed. Besides, it is observable that Grief shews the strongest in those Countenances, where Tears never make their Appearance. Believe me, Sir, it is the mutual Exertion of all the Muscles, not only of the Face but of the whole Body, which, obeying instantly the Dictates of the Mind, faithfully represent all our Passions.

In Truth, Friend *Kit*, says the Captain, there seems to be so much Reason in your Discussion of this Matter, that I have nothing to object to it. But for all that, I have been so long in the Habit
of

of thinking otherwise, that I cannot immediately bring myself to subscribe to it. Nor would I advise you to hazard this Opinion abroad, unless you can be content with the Character of a conceited, coxcomical young Fellow.

C H A P. VII.

The Family disperses different Ways, in Pursuit of different Amusements—The Captain in Danger of losing his Man Cork—The Arrival of James Maccloud, who describes the Excellencies of his Wife, both as an Actor and Actress.

THE next Morning Mr. Crab set off in a Hackney-Coach for the Tower. And Mrs. Crab, in her own Coach, went to ransack every Shop in Tavistock-Street.

The Captain and Mr. Christopher made the best of their Way to Somerset-Stairs; where they took a Pair of Oars, and the Captain bad them row up the River, without mentioning where they were going to: Tho' it was pretty plain, from what followed, that he had determined, before he left the Blue Boar, to visit that happy retreat for worn-out Warriors, where veteran Chiefs fight their Battles over again, and with the End of their Forefinger, moistened in the spilt Porter, describe the precise Situation of two Armies—Throw up Intrenchments—Cannonade in Flank, and point exactly where the Engage-
ment

ment was hottest. I say, the Captain intended to go to *Cbelsea-Hospital*. For he had scarcely got thro' the Centre-Arch of *Westminster-Bridge* (under which he sung Part of *Britons strike Home*, for the sake of the Eccho) before he said to Mr. *Christopher*, it's a charming Day; suppose we take a Walk in the Hospital-Garden at *Cbelsea*. With all my Heart, says Mr. *Christopher*, for I think it is a noble Endowment, tho' I fear, like other Foundations, the original Intention is not always strictly adher'd to. But be that as it will, whenever I pass that Way, and see those old Fellows sunning themselves upon a Bench, with Health and Content in their Countenances, I feel a Glow of Animation about me; and I say to myself, that one-arm'd Man still carries Bravery and Resolution in his Looks; I warrant he would have been another *Scipio* or *Hannibal*, if he had met with the same Encouragement and Opportunities. Ay, ay, answer'd the Captain (putting his Mouth to Mr. *Christopher's* Ear, lest the Watermen should hear him) *There are more real Generals in every Army than the Commanders in Chief are aware of.*

When they got to the Hospital, the Captain, upon enquiring after two intimate Friends, had the Mortification to hear they were both dead. Yes, says the Captain, this convinces me that there are *Trundles* in all Parts of the World, otherwise this could not have happened; for they were both strong healthy Men, and neither of them above sixty-seven. The Captain, however,
found

found many of his Acquaintance among the private Men, who all shewed him great Respect, and gave him their Benedictions, with which the Captain was as well pleased as if they had been bestowed by a Conclave of Cardinals.

Mr. *Christopher* shewing, by a Hint to the Captain, that he was desirous of hearing one of these old Firelocks hold forth, the Captain gave the Word of Command, and the Engagement began forthwith.

The Historian was a fine Piece of Ruins. He had but one Eye and one Hand, the latter having been cut off by a broad Sword at the Battle of *Culloden*, where he had the Rank of Serjeant in *Barrell's* Regiment.

It was natural to expect he would have made Choice of that Action for the Subject of his Story; but he pitch'd upon the Battle of *Blenheim* as the more glorious: And tho' he was at that Time an Apprentice to a shoe-maker in *Leather-Lane*, he laid about him pretty handsomely in this Engagement. He killed three French Men with his own Hands at the Onset, and he had the Honour at the End of the Day, to be taken Prisoner by a Troop of the black Musketeers.

When the Battle was over, the Captain and Mr. *Christopher* rewarded the Hero for his valorous Deeds, and then marched off.

Well, says the Captain, how do you like this? Upon my Word, says Mr. *Christopher*, I have not been better entertained a long while. For notwithstanding this Man may not have told us a
Syllable

Syllable of Truth, yet as it hurts no Body, it is very excuseable: And if he thinks his Story is credited, it pleases his Vanity by making him of some Importance; which is a comfortable Cordial to old Age, in indigent Circumstances.

I agree with you, says the Captain, that lying, provided it be confined to his own personal Bravery, is not very criminal in a private Soldier; but in an Officer, every Species of it is truly contemptible.

Just as the Captain and Mr. *Christopher* arrived at the Blue-Boar, Mr. *Crab* was getting out of a Hackney Coach. Well, says the Captain, I hope you were pleased with the fine Things you have seen at the *Tower*. Yes, yes, says Mr. *Crab*, a little furlily, but I'm not well pleased with something that I have seen since. Pray, Sir, what might that be? says Mr. *Christopher*. Why, you must know there was a Son of a Whore of a Carman—rot the Fellow; I don't believe all the Cloaths he had upon his Back were worth a Crown, and yet he had the Impudence to stop up the Way, and would not let us come by. Says I to the Man, Friend, draw your Cart a little on one Side, and let us pass. Hey, says the Fellow, you are in a Hurry, I warrant you— who the Devil are you? Why, says I, I am *John Crab*, Esq; of *North Wales*; and I expect to be a Justice of the Peace when I get into the Country again. I thought this would have frightened the Dog; but what do you think his Answer was? Truly, says the Captain, I can't guess.

gues. Why, says he, if you be *John Crab*, Esq; of *North Wales*, and expect to be a Justice of the Peace, for all you look so sour, I'll take a Chew of Tobacco. And so he did, without minding me any more than if I had not been worth a Groat. But what was more provoking than all the rest, when I expected the Coachman would have reprimanded the Fellow for behaving so ill to his Betters, he burst out a laughing, and so did several well dressed People. Between you and I, zounds! if this be your *London Breeding*, God send us safe and soon in the Country.

Rudeness, says Mr. *Christopher*, and even Barbarism to a certain Degree, are the constant Concomitants of national Freedom amongst the common People: And tho' it were to be wish'd it was otherwise, one would not chuse to purchase public Civility at the Expence of public Liberty. No, no, says the Captain, that would be, to reduce an Englishman to the Level of a Frenchman or a Spaniard: If you take away his Liberty, his constitutional Spirit goes along with it. By this Time Mrs. *Crab* returned from *Tavistock-Street*, &c. And Mr. *Crab*, looking thro' the Window, cried Zounds! here's my Wife come back with a Coach full of Wig-boxes; what the Plague can they be for? there's enough to furnish a Barber's Shop. Wig-boxes! says the Captain, as he peep'd over Mr. *Crab's* Shoulder, O, I see, ha! ha! ha! they are Band-boxes, and all well filled, I'll answer for them, with Ribbons, Tippetts, Muffs, and Head-Dresses. The Devil they are, says

says Mr. *Crab*. Nay, if you doubt it, says the Captain, Mrs. *Crab* will explain it to you presently.

Mrs. *Crab* entered—threw herself into an Arm Chair, and declared she was quite tir'd to Death. My Dear, says she, I have almost ruin'd myself; but I have bought some of the sweetest Things—you shall see (opening the Boxes) there's a beautiful Tippet—the Woman of the Shop protested that she sold the Fellow to it last Week to Lady G——. 'Sblood, Madam, says Mr. *Crab*, what's that to me? besides, if I remember right, that Lady G—— is the Brimstone that went off with the Duke of C——. I hope, Madam, you don't intend to follow her Example? In nothing, my Dear, says Mrs. *Crab*, but her Dress, which every body allows to be elegant. Pox take it, says Mr. *Crab*, softly to himself, what a Block-head was I to come to this damn'd Town!

The Altercation between Mr. and Mrs. *Crab* would probably have continued for some Time, if it had not been interrupted by the Captain's Enquiries after his Man *Cork*, who could not be found, high nor low. The Captain grew very uneasy at it, insomuch that he could scarcely eat his Dinner. At length Home he came, and with him *James Maccloud*, whom we hope the Reader has not forgot.

The Absence of *Cork*, and the unexpected Appearance of *James Maccloud*, was owing to the following Circumstance.

When

When *Cork* found himself left alone at the Inn, he took it into his Head to go and see *Westminster-Abbey*, and the Ostler gave him the plainest Direction he could to find his Way thither. But coming to *Charing-Cross*, he unfortunately pitched upon a tall well-looking Man, to get a further Direction. This Person was posted at an Ale-house Door, and had the Honour to be a recruiting Serjeant. He accosted *Cork* very civilly, and told him he was himself going to *Westminster*, and would shew him the Way, if he would only step into the House and help him to finish a Bowl of Punch, which he had left upon the Table. *Cork*, accepting his Invitation, went in with him, where they found three or four more *honourable* Gentlemen of the same Profession, who all saluted him very courteously. They put the Glass about very briskly; and each in his Turn, took Occasion to commend his Person and manly Abilities, saying to one another, loud enough for him to hear, what a figure this young Gentleman would make at the Head of a Grenadier Company. But *Cork* knew enough of a military Life, not to be flattered into the Service, tho' he really was not aware of their Intentions, 'till he told the Serjeant, who had offered to shew him the Way, that he must be going; and then he found that he was not at Liberty to depart without their Leave. Just at this critical Period, when *Cork* began to perceive that he was little better than a Prisoner, and was considering in what Manner he should endeavour to make his Escape, in came

James

James Maccloud. It seems that *James*, at the Age of Eighteen, had been inlisted, or rather kidnapped at this very Shop; and as it is common for those who have been in Jail, to visit the Place of their Captivity after they are discharged from it, so *James* never came to *London* without calling in at this House, to see whether the same Trade still went on.

The Moment he enter'd the Room, he recollected *Cork* to be the Servant of his good Friend Captain *Gorget*, whom he had so lately seen at *Newport*, and immediately perceived the Predicament he was in. *Cork* did not recognize *James* in the plain Dress he had then on; for when he saw him at *Newport*, he was disguised like a Gentleman, to act the part of *Edgar* in the Play of *King Lear*. But as soon as *James* made himself known to him, he was ready to jump out of his Skin for Joy. Come, Gentlemen, says *James* to the Serjeant and his Comrades, I see you have your Eye upon this young Man, but he is not for your Purpose; I can assure you he is a Soldier already, and tho' he wears a Livery, and is Captain *Gorget's* Servant, he does Duty every Field Day. When the Serjeant heard this, he declared he had no Design upon the young Man, but to shew him the Way to *Westminster*. Are you sure, says *James*, it was not to the *Savoy*? No, upon my Honour, replied the Serjeant.

Cork now finding himself no longer under any Restraint, threw down, (as *James* advised him)
half

half a Crown upon the Table, and came away with his Deliverer, to the Blue-Boar in *Holborn*.

After the Account of *Cork's* Escape, which was told partly by *James Maccloud* and partly by himself, Mr. *Crab*, fetch'd a Sigh, and cried, Zounds! what a dangerous Place this *London* is. I wish we were well out on't.

Well, says the Captain, but pray *James* how came you to leave *Newport* so soon? God bless your Honour, says *James*, we were quite knock'd up when my Wife was brought to Bed—We could not go on, for there is not a Play in our whole Stock, but what she acts one or two Parts in. It's thought she does *Sir John Brute* as well as any Man in *England*, be the other who he will. *Sir John Brute!* says the Captain, (with seeming Surprise) Yes, Sir, says *James*, (rubbing his Forehead) it would do your Heart good to see her lay about her, with the Watchman's Staff, in the drunken Scene—Indeed her Father was a Prize-Fighter, and he taught her the Quarter-Staff, which you know, Sir, must be a great Advantage to an Actress. True, *James*, says the Captain, but does your Wife always play in Breeches? O! no, Sir, says *James*, she can turn her Hand to any Thing—Sometimes she does *Lady Townly*, and sometimes *John Moody*, according as she is wanted—But I think she is best in Mens Characters, for she has a rare strong Voice, and somewhat hard favoured—We reckon her Excellent in *Bajazet*, *Brutus*, and *Alexander the Great*—But her Top Part is *Othello*, Moor of *Venus*. I find, *James*, says

says the Captain, (laughing) thy Spouse is more like *Mars* than *Venus*. But what dost thou intend doing here in Town? Why, Sir, says *James*, I shall offer myself to-morrow Morning to Mr. *Foot*, for I plaid *Ferry Sneak* and Doctor *Last* at *Liverpool*, with great Applause; and I am in Hopes my Wife will be well enough to come up in the *Chester* Waggon the Week after next. Very well, *James*, says the Captain, I wish thee success with all my Heart, and in the mean Time, here's Something (giving him Money) for the Part thou plaid at *Charing-Cross*.

Here *James* made his Bow and his *Exit*; and the Company agreed upon what will be found in the next Chapter.

C H A P. VIII.

The Family go to Vaux-Hall—Mr. Crab out of Humour with the Customs of that Place, and Mrs. Crab out of Patience with her Husband's Behaviour—They leave London the next Morning, which concludes the first Volume.

THE Party agreed to go to Vaux-Hall; and as Mrs. *Crab* affected to be afraid of the Water, because she wanted to appear in her Equipage, they went in their Coach.

The Evening proved warm, and the Gardens were very full; which made Mr. *Christopher* secure a Box as soon as they came in. They took

a Turn or two in the Walks, and then sat down to the usual Repast of the Place, Chickens, Ham, Beef, &c. I wonder, says Mr. *Crab*, what they charge for this Beef. A Shilling, answered Mr. *Christopher*. A Shilling, says Mr. *Crab*, it's impossible. Harkee, you Fellow, (calling the Waiter) what does this Beef come to? A Shilling, Sir, says the Waiter. You lie, Sirrah, says Mr. *Crab*, go and ask your Master; what do you think because I'm a country Gentleman that I don't know how the *London* Markets go better than that comes to? Why, you Dog, that's after the Rate of five Shillings a Pound. We can't help it, Sir, says the Waiter. No, Friend, says Mrs. *Crab*, don't mind him; for shame, Mr. *Crab*, as I am a Gentlewoman, your Behaviour astonishes me. Why, says Mr. *Christopher*, you should consider, Sir, the Expence the Proprietor is at, in keeping the Gardens in Order, besides the nightly Charge for Lights and Music. Music! says Mr. *Crab*, why Fiddlers are cheap enough: In the Country we never give one of those Fellows more than a Shilling and a Mug of Ale, for playing Country Dances a whole Night; and as for Singers, there's *Will Price* of our Town sings better and louder than any of these squeaking Creatures, and I'm sure he'd be glad to come for seven Shillings a Week and his Viſuals. Ay, ay, Friend *Crab*, says the Captain, I see you understand these Things; if you had the Management of this Place,

Place, we should not pay half so much for our Beef. That you should not, says Mr. *Crab*. Harkee, Friend, (calling the Waiter to him, and then whispering him) if you'll bring me a Paper of good Tobacco, and a nice strait Pipe, I'll make it up with you, do you hear? Yes, Sir, says the Waiter, I hear you; but smoking is not allowed here. Smoking not allowed! says Mr. *Crab*, (raising his Voice) here's a pretty Son of a Whore for you. I believe this is the first Time that a Man has been refused a Pipe of Tobacco in a Public House. Yes, Sir, says Mr. *Christopher*, but you'll please to observe that the Plan of this Place is very different from that of a Tavern or an Alehouse, where every Company have a separate Room, which they may use as they think proper. Here the Gardens being laid out into open Boxes, if the smoking of Tobacco were permitted, the Fumes of it would be communicated to Numbers of People, who have a great Dislike to the Smell of it. They must be damn'd squeamish People, says Mr. *Crab*, that can be offended with a Pipe of good Tobacco: But why does not the Man of the House write over his Door, *No Smoking here?* and then one should not be disappointed; however, I'm determined to smoke one Pipe at our Inn before I sleep, so let us pay our Reckoning and be gone.

Mr. *Crab's* Motion was carried, *Nem. Con.* and he marched out of the Gardens, grumbling

all the Way he went, while Mrs. *Crab* was remonstrating to the Captain and Mr. *Christopher* against Mr. *Crab*'s preposterous Behaviour, vowing that she would never be seen with him in a public Place again: And that she might keep her Word, she told them she was resolved to leave *London* the next Morning, rather than run the Risque of being put out of Countenance before Strangers.

From the Time they got into the Coach, till they got to the first Turnpike, not a Word was spoken by any one; but Mr. *Crab* then broke Silence, by saying, that cursed Beef sticks in my Stomach damnably. Why, Friend *Crab*, says the Captain, where would you have it stick? if it had stuck in your Throat it might have choaked you, but it will do no Harm in the Stomach, if you can but digest it. To perform Digestion well, says Mr. *Christopher*, (who had been attending Anatomical Lectures just before they left *Oxford*) it is necessary that all solid Viands do undergo a proper Mastication before it be received into the Stomach, where, assimilating with a certain Proportion of Acidity, it is grounded by the undulating Motion of the Ventricle into Chyle, the finer Part of which is conveyed by the lacteal Vessels into Blood, and the grosser Part passing by the lower Orifice of the Stomach to the Intestines, is from thence protruded by the Peristaltic Motion to the *Intestinum rectum*, and ——Hey day! says Mr. *Crab*, Son *Kit*, what the

the Devil are you talking of? why I don't understand a Word you have been saying.

I beg the Company's Pardon, says Mr. *Christopher*, for being so pedantic in my Description — I was drawn into it imperceptibly by the Captain's mentioning Digestion, without considering where I was, or to whom I addressed my Discourse. I believe so, says Mr. *Crab*, for, to tell you the Truth, I began to think you were a little crazy.

When they got to the Blue Boar, Mrs. *Crab* expressed a Desire of quitting *London* the next Day, which Mr. *Crab* very willingly complied with, and they set out early in the Morning, for the *Rock* in *North Wales*, where the Reader, if he pleases, may find them in the Second Volume of this History.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.